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EPISODES OF THE MONTH THE EDITOR

COTTON: A PROBLEM INDUSTRY SIR IAN HOROBIN

DEFENCE: A FIGHT AGAINST TIME JULES MENKEN

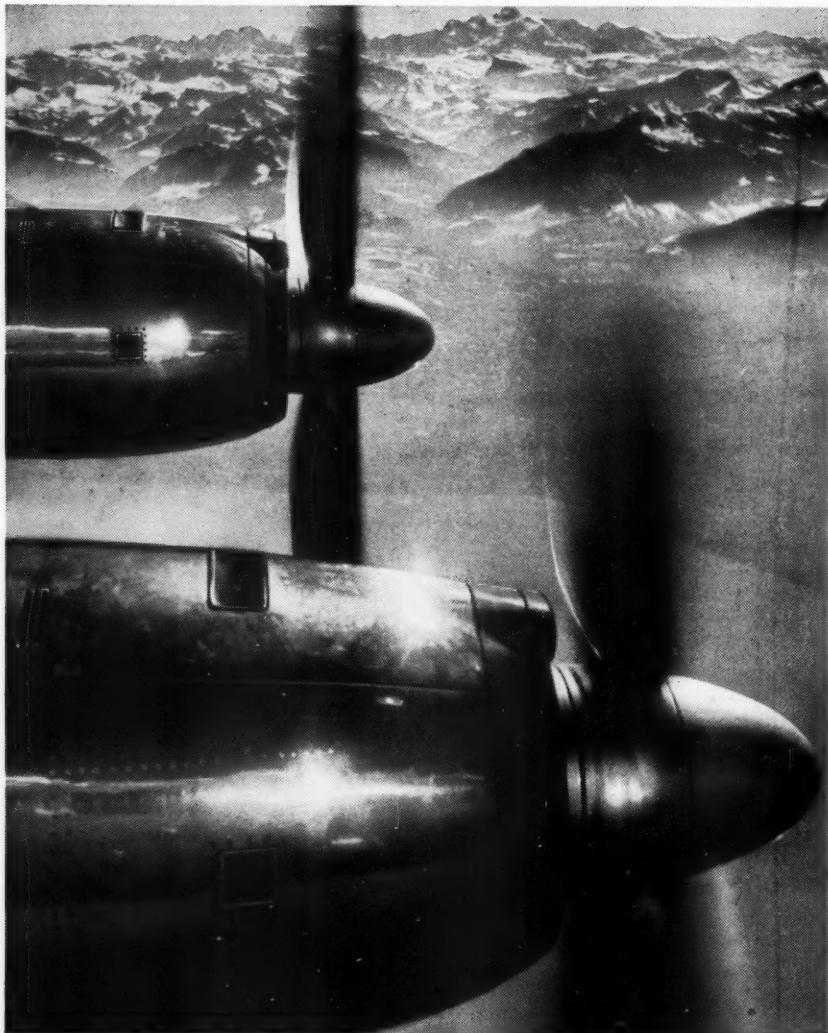
MALENKOVS: BEFORE AND AFTER
A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

ANGRY CRITIC J. F. WOLFENDEN

AND OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS BY DENYS SMITH, R. S. R.
FITTER, ERIC GILLETT, C. J. SANDFORD, E. T. HALL, RUBY
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THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

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THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

EPISODES OF THE MONTH

We go to press this month in an atmosphere of great expectancy. Reports of the most authoritative kind have appeared to the effect that Sir Winston Churchill has now definitely decided to resign, and that a General Election will be fought in the early summer. Either, or both, of these rumours may be false, or, even if true at the moment of inception, may be falsified by the event. Circumstances are changing all the time, and the minds of statesmen are equally changeable. But the nation is now prepared for a new Prime Minister and a new Parliament, and in the absence of official denials the impression will remain. Possibly by the time these words are read the truth will be known.

Churchill's Position

IT has rightly been said that, whether as Prime Minister or as a private citizen, Sir Winston Churchill will continue to the end of his life to be the most prodigious figure in the world. Whenever he speaks, humanity will listen. Whenever he recommends a course of action, the chances are that Governments and peoples will follow his advice. He does not need to be "in power" in order to have power. His personal authority is so far-reaching that he can now achieve more by a casual remark than many people can achieve in a life-time of effort.

To one who has had so much experience of office it must naturally be painful to withdraw from the day-to-day fascination of administrative work. But Sir Winston can never lose his pre-eminent status. In a sense he will be even more formidable in retirement than he is as Prime Minister. He will be free to speak his mind on every conceivable question, and to travel at leisure in countries near and far, where his name is a legend. No longer will he be subject to the routine and limitations of peace-time Cabinet government—a medium in which a man of his temperament could never be altogether happy. The whole free world will look to him as its leader, and he will be able to feel himself a free man.

The Queen's Choice

IN much of the speculation about the impending change at Downing Street it has been more or less implied that the new Prime Minister would be appointed by Sir Winston Churchill. In fact, however—and the Constitutional point must be firmly stressed—Prime Ministers are chosen by the Sovereign and not by their predecessors in office. The outgoing Premier has a right to advise the Queen as to who should succeed him, but she is not in any way bound by his advice. She has to be guided by her own assessment of the public interest, by the opinions of others whom she may see fit to consult, and above all by the existing political realities.

As a rule the choice is fairly obvious, and this is particularly true after a General Election in which the Party in power has been overthrown. The normal procedure in such cases is that the Prime Minister resigns and advises the Sovereign to send for the Leader of the Opposition—a course of action which is usually adopted without further discussion. But when a Prime Minister resigns for personal or health reasons, and not as the result of electoral defeat, a rather more complicated situation can arise. If there is serious rivalry for leadership of the Party which has a majority in the House of Commons, the Sovereign may have to take a fateful and extremely difficult decision. And there can be no doubt at all that the decision is his—or hers. It has never been, and should never be, delegated.

Sir Anthony Eden

FORTUNATELY the successor to Sir Winston Churchill is indicated alike by his own merits and by the reputation which he has in the Tory Party, in the House of Commons, and in the country. Sir Anthony Eden is not universally, but very generally, acknowledged to be the right man for the job.

It is true that his health has at times been bad and might again become a handicap to him. It is also true that his departmental experience has been almost entirely in foreign affairs. But against these apparent defects must be set his proved ability to master problems, to state a case clearly and persuasively, to handle human beings with tact and patience, and to command the trust both of foreigners and of his own compatriots. He is a very clever, subtle, industrious and efficient man—no genius, perhaps, and no coiner of glittering phrases, but a man well qualified to serve the Queen as her First Minister, and the Tory Party as its leader.

Towards Ratification

FAR too much time has been wasted over the process of ratifying the Paris agreements. More than five months have elapsed since they were signed, and still the necessary Parliamentary formalities have not been completed. While the Western democracies have been dawdling,

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Soviet factories have turned out about 5,000 military aircraft. Despite German objections to the Saar agreement, the cause of delay is not in Bonn, where the necessary votes by the Bundestag and the Bundesrat have brought Dr. Adenauer the reward his staunchness and wisdom merit. As the long post-Mendès-France crisis showed, the all but complete paralysis of France's political will is primarily responsible.

The delay in ratification has one advantage: it makes even clearer than before the vital fact that all the risks and dangers which German rearmament inescapably involves are far smaller than the alternative perils which an attempt to exclude Germany from the defensive system and community of the West must entail. Even the French now accept this. The Gaullist M. Michel Debré, *rappoiteur* of the foreign affairs committee of the Council of the Republic, acknowledged that the sovereignty of Western Germany, and her entry into the Atlantic alliance and the Western European union, are demanded by the present state of the world.

The crucial point was expressed by Sir Winston Churchill in the debate on March 14 on the Labour motion of censure. It was not the addition of twelve German divisions to the N.A.T.O. forces that moved him personally, Sir Winston said, since even with this reinforcement the Allied front in Western Europe could not be guaranteed against the overpowering Soviet strength in conventional weapons. For him the twelve German divisions were a symbol rather than a physical factor.

What was of major consequence was that the mighty German race and people were ranged with the free world and the cause they served . . . I should regard it as an act of insanity (the Prime Minister added) to drive the German people into the hands of the Kremlin and tilt into Communist tyranny the destiny of mankind.

Fateful Days

IT is certain, however, that Moscow will not lightly abandon its long effort to win the whole of Germany for Communist purposes, or, if that proves impossible, to divide and weaken the West permanently over the German issue. This is an enterprise which Stalin began in the year before his death, and which his successors have continued under Malenkov and Khrushchev alike. Moscow's renewed threat to denounce the Franco-Soviet treaty in the event of ratification is certainly meant, as is the Soviet project, to unify the East European satellite forces formally under a single command once ratification is completed.

In dealings with the Communists results can be got only from strength. The Government are wholly right to have rejected the suggestion that further high-level or top-level talks with the Russians should be proposed before ratification of the Paris agreements has been completed. What is now needed in all Western capitals is steady nerves and hard work on our defences; for until we are far stronger than at present, we must survive fateful days, in which the initiative in almost everything lies in Communist hands.

Signs of Weakness

AMONG the too numerous signs of weakness in Western countries, M. Poujade is a particularly noxious example. This individual, whose name was unknown outside France until recently, is a small book-seller-stationer who has risen to notoriety and some power by organizing what in effect is a strike among French taxpayers in the small and medium income groups, who are not members of the *salariat*. What is astonishing and disturbing is not that such men should object to paying taxes—in that the harshly mulcted British taxpayer can be most sympathetic—but that they can beat up with impunity tax inspectors who come to examine their books, organize demonstrations, defy authority, and reduce many Deputies to the role of suppliants. A State which permits such conduct is far on the road to disintegration; a French Fourth Republic which fails to deal sternly with its Poujades is drifting towards another Bordeaux.

A Squalid Example

NOR should it be thought that France is the only, or the principal, country in the West where elements of dangerous weakness are found. A much worse case is the publication of the Yalta documents by the State Department. This deplorable act results from the most squalid party motives. By publication the Republicans, who during two years of office have lost ground among the electorate, hope to discredit their Democratic opponents. Provided that larger interests are not sacrificed, this familiar manœuvre can sometimes be justified by partisan standards. But the spite and petty political greed of Main Street accords ill with the present responsibilities of the United States—and also, it should be added, with the attitude of most Americans who bear those responsibilities.

Eisenhower's Trade Programme

ALTHOUGH there is little doubt that it will be passed, the Eisenhower Administration's more liberal trade programme is having a much tougher time in a Democratically controlled Congress than was expected. Indeed, the Bill embodying the President's proposals was only saved in the House of Representatives by one vote at a crucial stage (with eighty-eight Democrats voting against), and later, on the final vote, only passed as a result of the personal intervention of the President and the Democratic Speaker of the House. These events not only clearly illustrate how dangerous it is for foreigners to over-simplify American party divisions on foreign trade issues, but also how unequal is the domestic struggle between the advocates of more liberal trade and the defenders of the protectionist high tariff and import quotas.

It is an easy generalization to say that the Democrats are for freer trade and the Republicans for protection. Closer study reveals that it is often not quite as simple as that. Last year President Eisenhower submitted

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almost the same foreign trade programme to Congress as he did this year. Then, a Republican Congress rejected it and forced the President to accept a straight one-year extension of the existing Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act. This year, with a Democratic Congress, the President's proposals were expected to have a comparatively easy passage. But in topsy-turvy voting in the House of Representatives the new high-priority Trade Bill was almost lost. We must hope that it will in due course emerge from the Senate without crippling amendments.

Chief Joseph Dam Contract

THE "Buy American" Act's restrictions have long been a sore point with foreign firms which tender for American public-service contracts. This Act requires Government Departments and agencies to give preference to American suppliers, except where foreign bids are "substantially" lower. "Substantially" has been defined usually as 25 per cent., although in recent years that percentage has been cut by half. Last December President Eisenhower reduced it still further. In an Executive Order he gave a clear direction to the Departments to reject American tenders as "unreasonable" if they were between 6-10 per cent. more than foreign tenders. The new Order, however, contained the usual reservations protecting American industries, including the rejection, "in the national interest," of any bid. Now, in accordance with the Presidential Order, the United States Secretary of Defence, Mr. Charles Wilson, has issued a directive affecting procedure for the administration of the "Buy American" Act by his Department. Mr. Wilson has liberalized the interpretation of the Act to favour foreign bidders on United States military orders, although he has reiterated the Presidential reservations.

His action is important, for he has the final say in whether or not the English Electric Company is given the contract for the supply of six generators for the celebrated Chief Joseph Dam. In February the English firm underbid its American competitors, and its tender is now being evaluated by the Defence and Army Departments before the final contract is awarded. This is the first major contract to be considered under the new rules, although an Italian firm was awarded a minor contract several weeks ago.

It will be remembered that it was Mr. Wilson who was the power behind the scenes in the manoeuvrings, early in 1953, that resulted in the English Electric Company's original tender to supply generators and transformers to the Chief Joseph Dam being rejected, although it had outbid its American competitors. Later, on a fresh bid, the British firm was only awarded the least lucrative half of the contract. An American firm was given the best part. Mr. Wilson's latest action, however, makes the outlook much brighter. We hope that the English Electric Company will add to its fine record in this fiercely competitive field by again being successful with its latest tender and that, now a more liberal approach is being taken by the American Administration on this matter, many more British firms will be successful in obtaining similar contracts.

Mr. Butler's Stern Measures

MR. BUTLER'S confident demeanour at the time of his announcement of the measures to restrict credit in late February was reassuring, and there is no reason to suppose he was deliberately wearing a mask. He may justly claim credit for courage in taking preventive action, at the cost of some popularity, to forestall a serious economic crisis.

There was in fact nothing desperate about the position at the time of his action. With production 6 per cent. ahead of last year, a record level of employment, and almost every industry enjoying boom conditions, he could with justice diagnose the evils he set out to cure as "the diseases of prosperity." Even so their symptoms were alarming. The gold and dollar reserves fell £29 million in February. The volume of imports was up, without any corresponding increase in the rate of exports. The terms of trade have, it may be temporarily, turned against this country, and other threats to the balance of payments are imminent. For example, the success of our foreign policy in reaching a settlement with Persia involves a loss of invisible export earnings, because we now have to take more Persian oil, and make payment in sterling; and British forces in Germany will soon have to be paid for out of our own earnings of foreign exchange.

Defending the Pound

NO one of these factors was in itself sensational, but their cumulative effect demanded some action. The keypoint, as always, is the balance of payments. The increase in Bank rate is aimed directly, and the restriction of hire-purchase credit indirectly, at restoring this. In the world of finance, higher interest rates in London have already resulted in a strengthening of sterling, and so, in a less tangible but equally important way, has the psychological reaction to the Government's plain determination to take action in defence of the pound. Desirable changes in the pattern of trade should follow no less surely, but will take longer to bring about. The first effects should be to ease the demands of excessive spending power in the home market upon industries manufacturing for export, and to reduce pressure upon manpower and raw materials.

This is the second time the present Chancellor has used the Bank rate as the principal means to secure a reduction in the import bill, and to control inflation. This time he has tightened the screw a bit harder than on the previous occasion. As before, there has been political opposition. Yet an operation with interest rates is obviously a much more simple and flexible weapon than the elaborate apparatus of import controls and restrictive quotas which are the only alternative. It is, moreover, less open to retaliation. The rise of 1 per cent. was generally considered severe; but it had to be so, to be felt at all, a smaller increase having already been anticipated in the City and discounted. We hope that the good results will continue and that among them will be numbered the weaning of future Socialist Chancellors from their aversion to this useful and traditional instrument.

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Budget Prospects

THERE has naturally been a good deal of speculation as to what effect all this will have upon the Budget, the introduction of which has now been fixed for April 19. One can say at once that if the Chancellor were obliged to include in his Budget speech a review of the state of Britain's trade, in the terms he used in his February statement, no one would be expecting much in the way of tax concessions at the end of it. But the unfavourable analysis has preceded the Budget by two months, during which the counter-measures will have had some time to take effect. It is desirable, on grounds far wider than those of electoral advantage, that the Budget should include some tax concessions. Relief from indirect taxation would help to reduce the cost of living, and a reduction in income tax might be framed so as to bring justly merited help to people living on small fixed incomes. The present buoyancy of the Revenue suggests that the Chancellor might find himself with some room for manœuvre. But the financial structure of a Budget, from the narrow accountancy point of view, is nowadays far less important than the changes in the pattern of spending and demand which emerge as a result of what is proposed. Tax concessions, if widely made for groups of people who do not save much out of income, might easily be judged inflationary. They could scarcely be contemplated against the recent background of incipient inflation. Against this, Mr. Butler has always shown himself ready to lend a sympathetic ear to genuine grievances, and if his February *coup* continues to be successful he may yet arrange to be fairly generous, without sacrificing honesty and realism.

The Bevan Issue: Another Crisis

IN his speech in the Defence debate on March 2, Mr. Aneurin Bevan threw out a direct challenge to his own leader, and then abstained from voting for the official Labour amendment. The immediate ground for his action was palpably absurd; he was demanding that nuclear weapons should only be used in the event of nuclear attack, and that a pledge should be given to this effect. Mr. Attlee naturally refused to commit himself to a policy which would leave this country, and Western Europe, exposed to conquest by conventional arms; and Mr. Harold Macmillan, winding up the debate, was able to point to the inconsistency of arguing at one and the same time for the drastic reduction of "obsolete" conventional forces and the abandonment of our nuclear sanction against aggression.

But the exact point at issue was less important than the public effect of Mr. Bevan's challenge. It will be remembered that when he resigned from the Labour Government the point of difference with his colleagues was at first very narrow, but was quickly expanded so that in the public imagination it became a major issue of principle—the Welfare State *versus* rearmament. That skilful performance has now been repeated.

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Mr. Bevan stands forth as the man who really believes in peace by negotiation and is truly intent on saving the human race from suicide.

Ritual Dance

SINCE Mr. Bevan made his singularly provoking speech, the Labour Party has been in a state of convulsion and its leaders have been engaged in a curious ritual dance, the culmination of which is still in doubt. By a small majority the Parliamentary Party voted that the Whip should be withdrawn from Mr. Bevan, and by a majority of one the National Executive voted that he should not at once be expelled from the Party, but be given a week in which to make promises of good conduct to a specially appointed committee. It is by no means certain that he will make any promises of the kind, but it will probably be easier for him to give vague assurances for the future than it would have been for him to apologize for the past. The motive for reconciliation is obvious: if there is a General Election in the early summer, the Labour Party will be at a disadvantage if it is in a state of civil war and if its finest orator has to fight his own seat, and stump the country, as an independent.

Personal or Political?

MANY of his "colleagues" say that the Bevan issue is purely personal—a case of injured vanity and frustrated ambition. Mr. Bevan himself insists that it is entirely political. The truth lies in between these two views.

During the latter years of the last Labour Administration it became evident to some leading Socialists that Socialism, in the strict sense, was a mistake. They began to doubt the virtue and efficacy of nationalization, and they also had good reason to doubt its popularity. These shrewd calculators therefore began to propound the theory of "consolidation," which was in fact a face-saving formula to cover their retreat from Socialism and their return to more orthodox and liberal economic notions.

It is possible that Mr. Bevan would anyway have opposed this school of thought. He was attracted to the Marxist analysis before he began to educate himself, and his self-education was conducted on prefabricated lines. (This emerges very clearly from his book, *In Place of Fear*.) On the other hand he has sometimes shown signs of realism and adaptability, and it is conceivable that he might have helped to reorientate Labour Party policy, if he had not found himself in the position of a rogue elephant in 1951.

Mr. Attlee's Mistake

WHY did he find himself in that position? It is hard to resist the feeling that his resignation, and his subsequent career as the hero and apostle of "Bevanism," were partly the result of personal indignation.

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When Mr. Bevin and Sir Stafford Cripps passed from the scene, Mr. Bevan must have confidently expected that he would be promoted. He was, after all, the Labour Party's "spell-binder," its most colourful personality, and although he had (through his own fault) been unsuccessful as a builder of houses, he had to his credit the introduction of the National Health Service.

But Mr. Attlee did not give him the recognition which he may have felt he deserved. If (as is often said) he coveted the Exchequer, he was rudely disappointed; that office was given to Mr. Hugh Gaitskell—a man younger than himself. It may well be thought that Mr. Attlee was justified in not making Mr. Bevan responsible for the nation's finances; but it is arguable that a bold, and possibly wise, move would have been to offer him the Foreign Office. In that capacity he might have recommended actions or policies which the Cabinet would not have accepted, and a resignation drama might have followed. But it is just feasible that he might have turned out to be an effective Foreign Secretary—that the realistic side of his character might have got the better of the rebel, under the stimulus of opportunity. He is certainly no fellow-traveller, nor would he have been likely to rupture the Anglo-American alliance. In fact, if he had visited the United States as the representative of this country, he might well have scored a diplomatic triumph.

But Mr. Attlee, if the idea ever occurred to him, must have thought that the risk was not worth taking. Instead he appointed Mr. Herbert Morrison and so made the worst of both worlds.

Another Debate on Lords Reform

ON March 9 and 10 the House of Lords debated a motion of Lord Samuel's, which was designed to goad the Government into showing its hand on the subject of Lords reform. In this it was remarkably successful. Lord Salisbury (who is, of course, a strong believer in reform, but has had to contend with the stupid reluctance of Conservatives to tackle this perennial question) was able to state, on behalf of the Government, that the matter was now one of "very considerable urgency." And when Lord Joüitt expressed his Party's unwillingness to enter into another preliminary conference on reform, Lord Salisbury firmly replied: "If we cannot get the co-operation of the Labour Party, we shall have to go on without them. . . ."

Without giving details of the Government's scheme, which has probably not yet been agreed at the Cabinet level, and without committing himself on the subject of timing, he created the impression that a measure of reform would be introduced fairly early in the next Parliament, if the Conservatives are re-elected.

An Important Speech

QUITE rightly, Lord Salisbury emphasized that "the hereditary principle should, in some form or another, find a place in any re-

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formed House." But he at once went on to say: ". . . that does not necessarily mean that there should be no limitation at all of this hereditary principle." In his view, there should be some system whereby representation of the hereditary peerage in the House of Lords "should be limited to those who really can attend to their duties." He also envisaged a non-hereditary element in the House—i.e. an extension of the life peerage principle.

This point was developed in greater detail by Lord Hailsham, in a speech of outstanding value. One passage in particular deserves to be quoted:

Just try to put yourselves in the position of a trade unionist with a position in the country . . . who is approached with a view to his accepting a peerage. His son may be working at a bench in a factory. It is not that we should not welcome the son as a peer when he succeeds—we should; he would be made welcome in this House and would probably enrich its debates. But the idea that he could come regularly, or would find it convenient or easy to be called the Earl of something when he was working at a factory bench, without incurring a certain amount of ridicule from his friends, is not a realistic one. One has to face the fact that a trade unionist or a member of the Labour Party is, for perfectly honourable reasons, extremely reluctant to accept an hereditary peerage.

There is force in this argument. Much as we may regret the inhibitions to which Lord Hailsham was referring, if they exist (as they do in many cases) they must not be allowed to keep good Labour representatives out of the House of Lords.

Royal Rumours and the Press

SINCE Princess Margaret returned from her successful tour of the Caribbean, there has been a marked revival of interest in the subject of her marriage. "Her name is being linked" (to use a tiresome phrase) with that of an ex-courtier who is now Air Attaché at the British Embassy in Brussels. This is no new story, but it has been given a new impetus—not least by the statements which the Air Attaché is alleged to have made to the Press.

We do not at this moment propose to discuss the question of Princess Margaret's marriage, but we must assert in the strongest terms that the Press has a perfect right to do so. Criticism directed against certain newspapers which have given prominence to the subject has been totally misconceived. It is nonsense to say that the private lives of members of the Royal Family are not a matter of legitimate public interest. If that doctrine were accepted and acted on by the Press, the Royal Family would lose nearly all its human appeal. People would no longer send telegrams to Princess Anne on her birthday or sleep in the Park during a Royal confinement. The sense of kinship—of intimate association between Sovereign and subject, between the Royal Family and countless other families—would suffer an irreparable blow.

COTTON: A PROBLEM INDUSTRY

By SIR IAN HOROBIN

COTON, which was the greatest of all our export industries, is now, as everyone knows, a problem industry, though still a great one. Unfortunately, during the last year or two, much of the industry's propaganda has been unjustified and exaggerated. As a result, Lancashire is running a grave danger of aggravating its principal difficulty—its labour shortage—of talking itself into a slump by frightening its customers, and of being in the position of one who has cried "Wolf, wolf!" so often that he has forfeited the sympathy of his friends.

The broad facts of the industry must first of all be clarified. One of the difficulties is that all statistics tend to be out of date, and the cotton industry changes very rapidly. Nevertheless, it is quite clear that last year profits were almost unprecedentedly high, dividends paid were the highest for some thirty years, there was full employment with increased wages, short time was practically unknown, unemployment was non-existent and there were several vacancies for every spinner and weaver available.

Some of these favourable conditions are beginning to alter. There is evidence that since the last quarter of 1954 production was tailing off. There is some evidence, not a great deal, that making for stock is on the increase and that where supplies were about two weeks' some time ago, spinners have now perhaps on an average three weeks' in their cellars. Short time has increased somewhat. Unemployment is actually less than it was a year ago.

For practical purposes there is still full employment, but the pressure on the labour market is less than it was. Mills are closing, but only fifteen closed in the last twelve months—most of these for reasons quite special, having no relation to the general economic problems of the industry. Indeed, in order to reduce overheads a concentration of this kind is probably the very best thing for the industry.

Why, then, are there such outcries of anxiety in the industry? I am bound to say that a good many of these still seem to be directed to the wrong address. For several years many like myself have been warning the industry that in their concentration upon Japanese competition they have been overlooking their principal danger, which is no longer Japan but India. Japanese and Indian competition has again become a very real thing, and some of it is undoubtedly very unfair and infuriating. When I was in Osaka recently I pointed out very strongly to the Japanese textile people that no amount of excuses on their part would reconcile Lancashire to the copying of designs and trade marks. It is good to see that recently some steps have been taken by the Japanese to deal with this. Only recently several cases were reported of designs being prohibited as a result of representations from Manchester. But unfair as all this is, it would be deluding ourselves to pretend that it is more than a minor irritant. Equally, the Indians are taking up an indefensible position when, with

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free imports into this country, they imposed until recently a quota and still impose duties of 60 per cent. and more on Lancashire exports to India. But here again it is no use thinking that whatever they do in this matter will be a major factor, for our exports to India have long been almost a negligible quantity.

The important facts are, first, that Indian imports into this country of grey cloth for finishing here have expanded at an enormous rate, and secondly that Japanese imports would do the same if it were not for the Anglo-Japanese sterling payments agreement. This, by the way, provides another illustration of how ill-advised some Lancashire propaganda has been. Those who, like myself, supported the so-called "Black Pact" were bitterly attacked at the time. But so long as sterling is convertible, this agreement is the one really effective piece of protection Lancashire possesses against foreign imports into this country, and even gives such little protection as we could get in colonial markets.

I have said that Indian imports of grey cloth into this country have greatly expanded, but here again we must keep a sense of proportion. They were some eight times in 1954 what they were in 1953, but the total grey cloth imports into Great Britain was still in 1954 less than the figure before the Korean war, India having taken the place of others, whose imports have declined. We must remember that practically the whole of the Japanese imports and probably about half the Indian imports are finished in Lancashire and then exported abroad, mainly to our Colonies. But for the imports we should have lost the export markets altogether. A few years ago our mills simply could not produce the goods, and now they cannot produce them at the necessary price. It would be ex-

tremely difficult to prove that even the quantity of retained grey cloth imports into this country had yet damaged the industry as a whole.

But there are legitimate complaints. The first is that the increase has been so sudden, and is still increasing at such a rate that unless the industry can feel there is a limit somewhere, and not far off, the damage may be great and lasting. The second complaint refers to the effect of the export duty on cotton imposed by the Indian Government. This is a very complicated matter. The effect of export duties on raw materials depends on the market situation, and the relative importance of the supplies concerned to world supplies. Two exactly opposite effects have been very much in the public eye recently; namely, the effect of the export duty on tea imposed by Ceylon, and the Indian cotton duty with which we are here concerned. In the former of these, although recent consumer resistance has limited its effect, demand is so great and supplies so short that practically the whole of the duty has had to be paid by the consumer. Exactly the reverse is true of the Indian cotton duty. The world price of this type of cotton is determined by American supplies and therefore the Indian producer has to take approximately the world price. He has to pay the duty. This means that the Indian mill-owner is getting his cotton at something like ninepence or tenpence a pound cheaper than his Lancashire competitor. In fact the Indian Government is subsidizing the spinner at the expense of the grower. The duty makes a difference of at least threepence a yard in cloth, the equivalent of over 20 per cent. duty, and in a fairly simple article like grey cloth is completely decisive in competitive markets.

But, as I say, the whole matter is very complicated. First, there is no

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question of action, such as the Indian Government's, being contrary to any international undertakings. We cannot, therefore, invoke any counter-action against it. Secondly, both the British Colonies and we ourselves have done the same thing, and are still doing the same thing, on a large scale. For years coal and steel have been available to our home producers at prices lower than they are sold by us abroad, giving exactly the same advantage, therefore, to the shipbuilding, engineering and other industries. It may be said—and there is a great deal of truth in it—that two wrongs do not make a right, though it is clear that to sweep away these price differences would be a very difficult undertaking on our part. But there are still further complications. The Indian Government say, and probably quite truly, that whatever its effect, the object of their duty is not to give a subsidy to their spinners. The Indian Government, at one time, had a countervailing duty on their exports, and still handicap them in various ways. They say that their objects are two-fold. They must at all costs increase the supply of food in India owing to the risk of famine, and they want to discourage the otherwise too attractive cash crop. They also point out that the world price itself is wholly artificial, being held up out of the apparently bottomless resources of America, through the support programme. They ask, therefore, why should they encourage inflation in India by a quite unnecessarily high price for cotton when, after they have paid the tax, the cotton growers make a reasonable living? If anyone is to blame, they say, it is the Americans. Everybody fears that the United States will some day call a halt, or alternatively—and this may be near—use some device or export subsidy to get rid of the rapidly mounting, and now colossal,

stocks of cotton held under the support plan.

But as if all this were not enough there is a much more serious side to this problem of Japanese and Indian competition, which is usually glossed over in the propaganda, though the employers know quite well that it is really far more important and far more difficult to remedy. The total retained imports into this country are probably well below 5 per cent. of our production. They are, say, of the order of 90 million yards a year. What has happened, and it has happened quite recently, is a very serious deterioration in an already diminishing export trade. A year ago Lancashire exports of cotton cloth were running at an annual rate of some 640 million yards a year, of which Lancashire looms may have produced rather more than 500 millions. To-day's annual rate may show, according to such latest estimates as can be obtained at the moment, a reduction of a quarter or even more. It has never been made clear by the industry, nor is it easy for anyone to see, how the British Government, which no longer has any control over the import policies, either of the Colonial Empire or of the self-governing Dominions, can do much to deal with this situation in which Lancashire prices are simply no longer competitive. In some areas—such as the Congo Basin countries—it is of course contrary to treaty to do anything at all. But we have a case to put to some of the Colonies that, if they want our defence and large imports of British capital for development, we are entitled to some favourable consideration. Yet there are strict limits on what can be done.

So much for the general picture. We come now to the two main considerations which must confront any responsible British Government's approach to this whole problem. There is what may

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be called Sir Anthony Eden's problem and there is Mr. Butler's problem. As to the first (and I have some knowledge of the Far East, reinforced by a recent trip of some 40,000 miles throughout free Asia) many people in this country do not seem to me to realize the desperate salvage operation upon which the United States and Great Britain are now engaged to prevent the whole of the great crescent of Japan, Hong Kong, the Philippines, Indonesia, Malaya, Siam and Burma, and perhaps even India, from collapsing before the Chinese threat, in the way that they collapsed before Japanese aggression in the war, and perhaps with the speed that the mainland Chinese collapsed before Mao Tse-tung. In that situation, where a further major Communist success would undoubtedly lead, in our own self-defence, to a third world war, it is really out of the question for any industry, however important, to ask that our Foreign Secretary's policy should be made completely impossible by a head-on collision at the same time both with Japan and with India. That Japan must export or die is even more true than it is with us. She will soon have a hundred million people on islands not much bigger than Great Britain, four-fifths of which are uninhabitable. To place ourselves bluntly against her by refusing all concessions on G.A.T.T. would have consequences which need not be laboured and should be obvious.

On the other hand, to put on a tariff against India, as is sometimes suggested, would not only endanger any policy of preserving friendly relations with India, but is directly contrary to our trade treaty with India of 1939, whereby cotton goods are amongst those specifically promised free entry into this country. But there are more serious objections still, because if we do denounce this treaty and thereby throw

into the melting-pot the whole of the Ottawa agreements, it would not stop there. It is not simply a question of India demanding a *quid pro quo*, and this would be serious enough. We have immensely valuable commercial rights protected by this treaty. Our exports of electrical machinery alone, to take one example which is of great interest to Lancashire, has much to gain by it. Towns like Preston export substantially more electrical machinery to India than all India's cotton textile imports into England. In one day a week or two ago, to take another example, Indian imports from Leyland, another Lancashire town, were announced amounting to half a million pounds. Nor is this all. Once we give the signal for reopening the Ottawa Agreements there are a number of other Dominions who are straining at the leash on their own account, because they feel that they are gaining less than ourselves from the present arrangements. Australia is now the biggest single export market for this country, and also the biggest single importer of our textiles. There is no doubt at all that if we start to renegotiate the Ottawa Agreements, Australia will have something to say which Lancashire will not like at all.

The consideration of the Indian problem as it affects our foreign affairs has led us by a natural transition to Mr. Butler's problem. The whole of the Government's economic policy, up to now so dramatically successful, is based upon freeing progressively the channels of industry and trade. There is no country in the world that stands to gain more than Great Britain from preserving and extending the volume of trade which is free to move as it will. For the world to start going back into the tangle of quotas and arbitrary restrictions and tariffs which we had in 1951 would be an unmitigated disaster and this must be brought home

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in the simplest terms to all those engaged in the Lancashire cotton industry. It is useless for them to harbour the illusion that they could get away with a policy of "look after our home market and let exports go hang," even if the rest of the country would tolerate it. The simple reason is that Lancashire cotton exports to-day do not buy enough foreign exchange to buy the raw cotton to spin for the home market. Other industries, therefore, must export, and they cannot export unless we preserve and if possible strengthen the protection against arbitrary restrictions, tariffs and quotas which are imposed by G.A.T.T. and the general policy for which that stands. To sum it all up as far as we have gone, therefore, the high protectionists among the cotton spinners and weavers cannot hope to find any peaceful co-existence with a government which includes Sir Anthony Eden and Mr. R. A. Butler. Whether they would do any better with the Socialists is a matter to which I now turn for a moment.

In the recent cotton debate in the House, Mr. Harold Wilson, speaking on behalf of the Socialist party, outlined a rather sketchy proposal for an import buying monopoly for all cotton cloth, and perhaps even for yarn. This scheme did not survive more than the first two hours of the debate, and was scarcely referred to by the closing speakers for the Opposition. It is not difficult to see why. To begin with, the scheme is certainly contrary to the spirit, and probably to the letter, of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade. Indeed it is so openly an attempt to do by subterfuge what is forbidden by the treaty, that it would lead to great and justified resentment. It is, however, almost certainly forbidden by Article 17 of the treaty, which lays it down very sensibly that State trading

bodies must not be used to do what is forbidden to governments by tariffs and quotas. The Opposition tried to make a debating point about the jute industry, which is the last remaining piece of Government trading, but of course there is no comparison. In the first place, G.A.T.T. only came into force in 1947, whereas the jute scheme is a relic of wartime emergency. There is obviously all the difference in the world between preserving something which existed before G.A.T.T., and setting on foot now something so contrary to its spirit. The two other objections are, of course, that the jute industry is a small and localized one, whereas the monopoly for the whole of the cotton textile industry would be a colossal undertaking; and that the only hope for Lancashire is to concentrate upon quality production. British experience of quality supplied by State trading monopolies is, to say the least of it, not encouraging. We need only think of the coal industry.

But where does all this leave us? Can and should nothing at all be done? I do not think this is the case, though whatever may be done will fall far short of what some of the pressure group demand. In the first place, it is surely not unreasonable to ask that the Government should abolish taxes which actively discourage and hinder the production of high quality goods in which Lancashire might be expected to excel. These are goods where price is not so important. If people want them at all they must come to the people who can make them. There can be no reasonable doubt that the cotton industry is more seriously hit by the effects of purchase tax in this regard than any other important industry, and a repeal of purchase tax on cotton textiles is a first necessity.

But I feel that, in addition, the time has now come when another step is

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justified. As far as imports of grey cloth are for re-export I should have thought the sky should be the limit, although this would be unpopular with many in the industry. It presents the only hope of preserving some of our export trade in certain markets, and would tend to make the price margin such that we should have a much stronger case for pressing the rest of the Commonwealth to assist us with some preferential treatment. But imports for home consumption from India have now reached a point, and are advancing so fast, that some action to limit them cannot any longer be turned down out of hand. As is well-known, efforts are being made by the Government, but it appears unlikely they will be successful, to amend the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade, so as to allow for discriminatory quota restrictions under an amended Article 19. This would avoid the difficulty in which we are placed under G.A.T.T. as it stands, that we cannot take action against any country without taking similar action against all the others. When this suggestion was put to the Japanese they raised two objections, both of some substance. The first was that if they accepted a bilateral agreement with us for restrictions on their exports to us as the price of our supporting their admission to G.A.T.T., all the other countries would seize the opportunity to do the same, and the whole advantage of G.A.T.T. would be lost. But the second objection was conclusive. It was a refusal on the part of the Japanese to put their country into what they considered a derogatory position by having to accept discriminatory action which was not applied to other people. Now this reaction, whatever we may think about it, tends to be also true of India. I am inclined to think that if we have to do anything with the Indians the reaction would be much less violent if it

were a straightforward invocation of Article 19 without discrimination, with an overall quota, than if we attempted to reopen the 1939 trade treaty with India on a discriminatory basis.

I think the time may well be near when in the interests of stability of employment in Lancashire and of recruitment to the industry, the Government, within the limits of its treaty obligations under G.A.T.T. and Ottawa, might well announce a policy, on the one hand of leaving imports for processing and re-export unlimited and of fixing an upper limit for retained imports of grey cloth into this country from the outside world.

After the recent debate in the House, and the meeting of the Cotton Board with the Prime Minister, action of some kind is likely to be taken. It may well have been announced by the time this article appears. There is no way of getting over all the many difficulties which face any Government trying to deal with this matter, but on the whole the suggestion I made above seems to me the least damaging compromise. If Japan continues under the existing sterling payments agreement for a bit longer, she has not much to complain of, because she is in strong sterling surplus. If India has access to our home markets for re-export she will retain a valuable stake in the British trade and will only be limited as a counterpoise to actions which she can bring to an end whenever she chooses. The merchanting end of the industry will be reassured against its fears of losing its remaining markets abroad, and the spinners and weavers will have the reassurance that something over 90 per cent. of the home trade will be secure until, as one would hope, consultations between this country and India, Australia and the Colonies can lead to a more permanent solution.

I. M. HOROBIN.

DEFENCE: A FIGHT AGAINST TIME

By JULES MENKEN

THE Government's decision to make hydrogen bombs changes the focus of the Defence problem but does not solve it. In one respect, that of relations with the United States at the highest level of policy and strategy, the decision is wholly excellent. It is a common experience of life that influence in joint enterprises depends largely on what is put into them.¹ As Mr. Attlee told the House of Commons, he has "found, in practical conversations, that the fact that we do possess . . . weapons does have an effect upon the rulers of other countries." In a perfect world things would doubtless be different; but we scarcely need the decision about hydrogen bombs or the recent Defence debate to remind us that the world is not perfect.

The purpose of the hydrogen bomb is deterrence. "The knowledge that aggression will be met by overwhelming nuclear retaliation," says the Defence White Paper, "is the surest guarantee that it will not take place." What aggression means in this context should not be too closely defined in advance. As Mr. Harold Macmillan said during the Defence debate: "It is important, of course, that the aggressor should know what he may not do; but I think that it is equally important that he should not be told too invitingly what he may do."

In order that aggression, however defined, shall be met by "overwhelming nuclear retaliation," certain conditions must be fulfilled. The West must have nuclear weapons, the means of delivering them, and a plan of delivery.

Our enemies must not be able to destroy our nuclear weapons or means of delivery beforehand, nor must enemy defences exist which can prevent those weapons from reaching their targets in quantities which really are "overwhelming." Our enemies must not be able to destroy us by nuclear blows delivered first. Nor, finally, must they be able to puzzle our will, or even believe that this is possible, and that they can therefore strike safely without fear of retaliation.

There can be little doubt that the West to-day has a great advantage in nuclear weapons. "We believe," said the Prime Minister on March 1, "that the Soviets so far have tested by explosion only a type of [hydrogen] bomb of intermediate power." Mr. Hanson W. Baldwin, the well-informed military correspondent of the *New York Times*, wrote recently that published estimates indicate that the United States stockpile probably contains more than 5,000 nuclear—i.e., both atomic and hydrogen—weapons of all types, whereas the Soviet stockpile may contain more than 500, and perhaps as many as 1,000. The British total is believed to be substantially smaller than the Soviet. Measured in explosive power, Western superiority is even greater. Some American atomic bombs are now several times as large as the bomb dropped at Hiroshima, which released energy equivalent to the explosion of 20,000 tons of T.N.T. Other American atomic weapons are smaller than the Hiroshima bomb in energy equivalent. At the other ex-

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treme, a single American thermonuclear (or hydrogen) test device exploded in the Pacific in March 1954 released energy equivalent to 20,000,000 tons of T.N.T. By contrast, the total yield of all Soviet nuclear weapons available now is put by Mr. Baldwin at between 20 and 40 million tons of T.N.T. equivalent.

There is similar Western superiority to-day as regards means of delivery. Really long-range guided missiles still lie perhaps a decade or more in the future. Meanwhile, hydrogen bombs must be carried by aircraft. The American hydrogen bomb has been so carried—though as yet not also dropped from the air and then detonated. American nuclear-weapon carriers include more than a thousand B-47 medium jet bombers; with air refuelling, which has now been done more than 140,000 times, these can fly all over the world. When the first production models of the still larger B-52-B jet bomber come into service this spring, the United States Strategic Air Command will have planes with great altitude, a speed near that of sound, and trans-oceanic range. The Vickers Valiant, now coming into service in the R.A.F., corresponds broadly to the B-47. No comparable Soviet jet bombers are now in service, though types equivalent to both the B-47 and the B-52 exist which must either be in production already or will go into production sooner or later.

Could enemies destroy our nuclear weapons or their carriers before these could be used? This is tantamount to asking whether successful Soviet surprise is possible—a question to which, in the nature of things, no *a priori* answer can be given. The dangers are greater and more varied than is often realized. Air bases in the extreme South of the United States are still beyond reach of Soviet bombers

approaching via the Arctic—though with air refuelling and the increasing size and range of aircraft even this need not hold permanently. But such bases are only a short distance from salt water. The San Antonio and Fort Worth areas of Texas, for example, are less than 300 miles from the Gulf of Mexico; the Phoenix and Tucson areas of Arizona are less than 250 miles from the Gulf of California; the whole of Florida and all of California lie near the sea. Great effort and sacrifice would be amply repaid if, say, the Soviets could develop short-range aircraft carried by and launched from large submarines which could atom bomb American nuclear bombers and their bases, and which might achieve surprise by striking from unexpected quarters. As worth while would be a similar Soviet effort against British nuclear bomber bases in Britain and overseas.

Against such hazards dispersal and constant movement are not a sure guarantee. Great damage could be done if enough bases were bombed at the right time. Even if the first blows did not destroy many aircraft, the retaliation programme might be thrown badly out of phase, or bombers forced to bunch on surviving bases where they could be caught and attacked more effectively. Yet again, the situation contains political risks; for a handful of officers or men—perhaps only two or three—whom suitable Communist arguments or pressures might subvert or corrupt could do incalculable damage. So immense are the perils to ourselves, so enormous the prizes for the Soviets, that great Communist efforts must be expected throughout this entire field, and any shadow of British or American complacency or carelessness must at all costs be avoided.

There is too little published information about enemy defences against nuclear attack to appraise their quality.

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It would be surprising, however, if Soviet electronic capacity could as yet make these adequate; though here again what the future—perhaps the near future—may bring must not be unimaginatively discounted.

The twin problem, for the Soviets of achieving and for the West of preventing, an initial nuclear knock-out blow is one of the most difficult problems of contemporary warfare. It is best considered first from the standpoint of the Kremlin. What must the Moscow conspirators do in order to defeat the West? An apocalyptic vision of Soviet hydrogen bombs raining down on British and American cities indiscriminately is not the answer. Even more than the enterprises of peace, war is conducted with scarce resources. If the Kremlin should ever decide to launch a deliberate attack, it would have at its disposal very large conventional forces, but only a limited stock of nuclear weapons and of jet aircraft capable of delivering them. Against what targets *must* these weapons be used—and, it may well be, less modern aircraft and conventional bombs also?

The tactical answer is, in the first instance, against targets which threaten blows devastating to the Soviet; that is, against American and British nuclear bomber bases, wherever located. The strategic answer is, against the main enemy—the United States—whose defeat must entail the relatively easy conquest or overrunning of its allies; which, however, does not imply that at least a margin of blows would not be aimed from the outset at Britain also.

At this point a crop of questions arises about the number and location of targets which must be attacked, the sequence in which they should be dealt with, the approaches to them, the attacking forces required, etc., which can be answered only by those who command the experience and resources

of Air staffs. It is obviously profitless to discuss such matters further here. Three points may, however, be made. First, surprise clearly entails even larger problems than those considered above. A prime place belongs to the radar warning and reporting system. Reliance must not be placed solely on fixed installations, which can be sabotaged and attacked with conventional aircraft (as we did in 1944 before the invasion of Normandy). Mobile equipment reporting by wireless is also required. The system needs physical extension to the maximum practicable range. To this end even inclusion of the N.A.T.O. radar and warning system on the Continent may not be sufficient (not least because it too is subject to sabotage and conventional attack); additional means such as radar patrol ships and long-range radar picket aircraft more or less permanently on patrol may also be needed.

Secondly, what constitutes aggression needs to be redefined. In an age when the attacker can swoop down at near-sonic speeds on peoples engaged in all the pursuits of peace, it no longer makes sense to wait until hydrogen bombs have blotted out major cities before deciding that aggression has taken place. On the other hand, democracies must not be trigger-happy—much less nuclear bomb-happy. There is no easy solution. But the problem needs to be considered—and considered urgently.

Thirdly, what scale of enemy attack is acceptable also needs review in relation to the size of the R.A.F. Here again standards from the past are largely outworn and irrelevant. "There is no absolute defence against the hydrogen bomb," Sir Winston Churchill has said. It is no less true that the fewer enemy bombers that get through, the fewer hydrogen bombs they can drop—or atomic or conventional ones, for that matter. How many V-bombers do we

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need in order, in co-operation with the Americans, to destroy the maximum number of enemy bombers on their bases? What fighter and guided missile strength is required to destroy bombers which have taken off in the initial attack before they can do us mortal harm? How (to hark back to an earlier point) are we to cope with the advantage which freedom to choose the day and hour can give to a ruthless and unscrupulous enemy?

The Soviets will not try to win world domination by means of nuclear weapons alone. The prodigious scale and steady growth of their conventional forces is evidence to the contrary. Nuclear weapons are instruments of bombardment. But while bombardment can destroy resistance and cause disorganization, it has never sufficed by itself to achieve conquest. Soviet military thinking insists on this fact. Marshal Zhukov, now Minister of Defence, recently said in so many words : "It should be borne in mind that it is impossible to win a war by atomic bombs alone."

It may well be that Soviet views about conventional forces are mistaken, and fail to give proper measure to the destruction and disintegration which nuclear weapons can inflict. On the other hand, by adding air-nuclear power in the shape of near-sonic long-range jet bombers and hydrogen bombs to their already tremendous (and still increasing) strength in conventional forces, the Soviets are putting themselves in a position where they can exercise strategic choice as they have been unable to do since the end of the Second World War. On present evidence they will reach this position somewhere about 1958: perhaps, though improbably, sooner; perhaps later, though to assume this would indeed be to gamble with high stakes.

From this complex of factors two

questions arise for the West, and particularly for Britain. Is the scale of our Defence preparations adequate? And is the timing right?

To both questions the answer to-day is certainly in the negative. The R.A.F. is too small, its present front-line strength inadequate, its planned strength insufficient. The Royal Navy, in face of a surface and submarine threat several times larger, is perhaps half as strong in ships as at the outbreak of the Second World War. The Army is about a sixth as strong as the Chinese People's Liberation Army, about an eighth as strong as the Soviet Army, and has less than twice as many divisions (Territorials apart) as even the puppet East German land forces. After deducting expenditure on research and development and allowing for other purchases such as uniforms, etc., we shall be spending in the financial year 1955-56 about £500 millions on actual weapons and warlike stores as compared with a Soviet expenditure in 1955 of over £2,750 millions of approximately comparable purchasing power for the same things.

As regards time, there is no evidence that any near date has been given to the forces as the moment when readiness must be achieved. On the contrary, British Defence policy seems, like American Defence policy under the present Administration, to be based on the principle of "the long haul," with no particular year as a goal for achievement. But in face of the sombre rhythm of Soviet preparations—the beat of which, after the latest changes in Moscow, has certainly deepened, and perhaps accelerated—this leisurely pace is manifestly insufficient.

"The loss of time is irreparable in war," Napoleon once said. "Reasons alleged for it are always bad, for operations only fail through delays." The British (and American) way in war is to

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be unmindful of time at the beginning, and especially in the period of preparation, and to make up for deficiencies later. In an age of jet bombers and

hydrogen bombs this way is not good enough. It is indeed the way to enslavement or destruction.

JULES MENKEN.

MALENKOV : BEFORE AND AFTER

By A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT *

RUSSIA has now been without Stalin for just over two years and without Malenkov as its nominal leader for just over two months. In spite of the touching belief of some diplomatic observers that all is still well with the regime, its instability, particularly at the top, remains the most stable of the facts connected with its history since Stalin's death. All the signs were and the visible signs are always likely to be that the present members of the Presidium (as they now call it) or the Politburo of Stalin's earlier days compose a well-picked team who manage their business amiably enough in their own way, have difficulties like the rest of us and solve them in a somewhat curiously foreign manner, run into problems like all politicians and back out of them with almost unfair ease and skill because of a special reverse gear in their political machine which the makers, for the best and holiest of reasons, have not put into ours. For it is the first of the Kremlin's propaganda victories to have induced the belief that there is some or any fair comparison to be drawn between how it works in Moscow or in other capitals of the Soviet bloc and the operations of political change in the civilized world which has hitherto been spared Moscow's political influence. The long years of Stalin's dictatorship and in particular his final war—the

cold war—against the West admittedly made the task of conscious or unconscious Communist apologists uncommonly difficult. In this period some became actual, others "near-miss" defectors. But the old man's ultimate death in March, 1953, provided the occasion for an odd assortment of commentators and political leaders in the West to agree that the world had been rescued from otherwise inevitable destruction. Though recent events have not made the task any easier in this respect, Khrushchev and his temporary friends have but to wave their wands a little more gently in a temporarily different direction to give themselves a still not unreasonable chance of being classed as fairy godmothers by those who thought that Malenkov's pudgy hand was extended towards us in friendship in 1953 and 1954 on behalf of a new, non-Stalinist collective leadership.

Shortly after Malenkov took control in March, 1953, it became fashionable in some quarters to conclude that two things had died at once in that month in the Soviet Union : a man and an "ism." For when Stalin's corpse had been embalmed, suggestions (which soon warmed into assertions) were at first and even recently put forward that

* The author, who has had access to special sources of information, has personal reasons for wishing to remain anonymous. EDITOR.

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Stalinism had disappeared simultaneously with the death of the old man. In this company and in this context, support grew for the belief that the Stalin cult had vanished and, although the famous phrase was not reproduced, the resulting impression was that the mystery, the riddle and the enigma had also been conjured away into the past. Curiously sharp distinctions then began to be drawn between the quick and the dead. Comment, both unofficial and official, ranging from inference to conviction, drew heavily on hope and prayer that Stalin's pall-bearers had carried his bier with differing degrees of genuine enjoyment. It was assumed that the black clouds had lifted and the political weather forecast was stated to be fair. There were invitations to believe not only that the next chapter of Russian history would read differently, but also that the difference would be a change for the better. Many umpires answered the appeal by giving Malenkov the benefit of the doubt.

This was generous treatment for someone about whom so little was known and a somewhat extravagant departure from the more usual practice of judging a man on the credible evidence. In Malenkov's case this was scanty but important. Like his predecessor, and like Khrushchev and Bulganin now grouped opposite him at the apex of the Soviet pyramid, Malenkov had an official "history" in the *Soviet Encyclopedia*, to which credence is given only by the very pious. His own authorities offer us no more, and in some respects less, than is revealed in the excavated records of the Egyptian Pharaohs, and substantially all that is shown is a preview of the official carving on the lid of the sarcophagus. It remains to be seen how long this official version will be with us. Khrushchev has already begun

to doctor the past to his own advantage. Should he be able ("should he wish" is not the point at issue) to push Malenkov into oblivion there may be another politely worded instruction to "unperson" him by scissoring out the relevant columns connected with Malenkov's name in the *Encyclopedia*. It will be remembered in this connection that Beria has now been replaced by an extended piece on the Bering Sea. Thus the official records do not now, for instance, describe Malenkov's role or the role of those who have now superseded him in the ritual of liquidation during the 'thirties, when probably upwards of 12 million people were killed outright or allowed to die.

The period of these purges, which have no precedent or parallel even in the Soviet Union, has acquired the name, ugly in every sense, of Yezhovschina. Yezhov, who was Beria's predecessor as head of the NKVD, the late Vishinsky and, of course, Stalin are some of the names most prominently associated with these infamous events. But Malenkov's role as joint overlord of the biggest police operation in history has not yet been accorded the publicity which it deserves. Landing in Stalin's private Secretariat somewhere around 1932, Malenkov was well installed by the time the purges were under way. Since the police could not be trusted—both the NKVD chiefs, Yagoda and Yezhov, were ultimately consumed by the bonfire which they had helped to light—Stalin entrusted the arrangement and supervision of this bloody business to his Secretariat. Others who were intimately concerned at different stages were: Zhdanov, Andreev, Shkiryatov, Mekhlis, Vishinsky and Poskrebyshev, who succeeded Malenkov as Stalin's private secretary. Of this group, Zhdanov, Mekhlis, Shkiryatov and Vishinsky have ended their careers with State funerals,



NIKITA KHRUSHCHEV AND MARSHAL N. A. BULGANIN.

Camera Press.

although it is a very open question whether death came in each case by natural causes ; Andreev has been put out to grass ; of Poskrebyshev there has been no sign and no obituary since Stalin's death ; and Beria, who became connected by coming in at the end of the Yezhovschina in 1938, has now been shot like his two predecessors in that office. Khrushchev, Bulganin, Molotov, Kaganovich and the aged Voroshilov know parts of the story of the purges, but Malenkov is the primary source.

It is, furthermore, well to remember some of the basic principles in which they all believe, however different their views at the moment may be on the relative priorities to be given to consumer goods and heavy industry. The first is the certainty that their minds have been conditioned by the dialectic,

which means among many other things that they have accepted as an article of faith the belief that there must be a conflict in both domestic and international relations which will only be resolved by the victory of one side or the other. The nature of the conflict is best described by the phrase, made famous by Lenin : "Who (will destroy) whom ?" This is the kind of conflict which prevails between the Party and its opponents in Russia, and between the Communist and non-Communist worlds. It is, moreover, part of Bolshevik canon law that as long as the question "Who—whom ?" has not been decided by the ubiquitous establishment of Communism on the Russian model, the world is in a state of high tension. If the Party is not continually mindful of this fact (it is a characteristic Bolshevik attitude to find

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the fact so self-evident that it can be asserted, not argued), a point is conceded to the enemy who automatically takes advantage of it. The Party is therefore one step nearer annihilation and the same distance further from victory. To Bolsheviks of all generations, past and present, this high tension is merely the normal state of politics. At the same time every conceivable allowance is made for flexibility, including long and deep strategic retreats, provided, of course, that they are taken according to plan and with the intention : *reculer pour mieux sauter*. Once the advance or counter-attack is made, the Party must never yield to the temptation of relaxing its pressure, since the penalty for violating the classical military principle of pursuit is, in the Bolshevik view, annihilation.

In the non-Communist world this theory may seem somewhat lunatic, but it is relevant to observe that in Moscow the label of lunacy is attached to all those who do not subscribe to it unconditionally. It is certainly the manner in which the Western world is interpreted by Moscow to fashion its policy. Willy-nilly every government must act this way. No more dangerous mistake could be made than to believe that Khrushchev and the present leadership or Malenkov and his entourage pay lip service to this doctrine in public and snigger about it off stage. It would indeed be surprising if there were no disagreements between them over interpretation, but the basic faith is shared and unshaken. Many Roman Catholics may have had private worries over such Papal pronouncements as the assertion that Mary physically ascended to Heaven like a balloon, but it is doubtful if more than a minute number have consequently been deflected from their faith. The new dogma evidently did not disrupt the priesthood. So

Malenkov and his colleagues in 1953 probably had second and third thoughts about many of Stalin's public and private pronouncements, in the same way as they agreed to revalue some of Stalin's relations like his son Vasili, who used to command the fly-past of the Red Air Force on ceremonial occasions and has now been "grounded" out of sight. But the machinery is still there for it all to go back to Stalin's system. That Stalin has descended a few steps, as in the new economic textbook, is not so important as that most of the points from his *Economic Problems of Socialism* have been met in an official manual, which breaks no new ground and is therefore mainly of liturgical value. Not even those who fancy that a change of spirit can be detected from a slight change of dress have yet suggested that the fundamental piety of the Soviet leadership regarding Marxism-Leninism has been affected.

For Malenkov to have survived the death of Stalin and to have organized the fall of Beria argued not only uncommon political skill and staying power, but also a happy slice of good luck. He may now be more chary about disclaiming any right to the third of these qualities and wonder whether good fortune is in fact, as it is in the theory of Khrushchev and Bulganin who are at present on top, a superstitious metaphysical concept and therefore both ridiculous and taboo. While prepared to go further than most of us in believing that history is on their side, that the future is theirs and that only they are in step with time as it marches on, the present leadership have spared themselves the embarrassment of realizing that in these beliefs they are permitting themselves an extravagant game of guesswork and metaphysics run riot. How long Khrushchev's luck will last not even he can tell and it is idle to

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speculate on this problem *in vacuo*. More rewarding, it would seem, would be an attempt to assess some of the problems with which he is faced internally and over which he must continue to apply his skill unremittingly in order to go on earning the periodical but irregular bonus of good fortune. These were also Malenkov's problems and he did not last long.

The first is personal survival. This priority can never be downgraded. It was the first of Stalin's achievements that he survived Lenin's death by some thirty years. No one knew better than Malenkov both the size and the method of this achievement, yet Khrushchev was apparently equally well informed—and the secrets of the master's touch may by now also have been revealed to Khrushchev's successor, for it is extraordinarily clear that there is no strict discipline to-day in the Soviet Union which ensures the enforcement of Stalin's patent law. Once the inventor is dead the invention appears to go on to a relatively free and very black market. Thus knowledge of the use of vastly different means to explain and thereby justify the end of personal survival is no longer restricted to Malenkov, as Khrushchev and Bulganin have shown. None of the present leadership need instruction in political flexibility, one example of which is their ability to serve the mixture as before in a different bottle, with a new label and the colour of the medicine changed. It may even at first taste be different in the mouth, but the content is the same and the effect is the same, as the Soviet people know very well, having been trained to consume this brand of consumer goods all their lives. Thus, when Stalin died, a new appearance was devised. Malenkov did not step straight into Stalin's boots, and old texts were rediscovered both to attack one-man



GEORGI MALENKOV.

Camera Press.

rule and to deify collective responsibility. Until their charm fades these texts may well be used by the victors in this last and in the next palace revolution. As proof of their sincerity, the happy band of brothers may continue to range themselves in alphabetical order, with that same respect for protocol which they had learned to show on all great occasions while the old man was alive. Khrushchev and Bulganin may still say that their objective is an improvement of relations with the West since these profoundly unmeaningful phrases lose them as little as their play with the word "co-existence," their interpretation of which is to continue the cold war and prepare for others less cold.

Perhaps the explanation why Malenkov and his colleagues picked on collective rule may lie in the fact that they felt themselves collectively threatened in the last few months of Stalin's life. A purge, like a war, is

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easier to start than to stop. If it is true that the Doctors' Plot in January, 1953, which Beria unscrambled four months later, was not the culmination, but the beginning of the final act of frenzy by Stalin and his Secretariat, they might none of them, from Malenkov and Khrushchev onwards, have known when the purge would come to an end. Beria must plainly have wondered when it would be his turn, and on this issue and at this time in early 1953 Malenkov and his future colleagues may understandably have been in agreement to safeguard their own skins by forming a temporary alliance temporarily to abandon Stalin's dangerous methods.

In the cause of survival, as in modern wars fought in this name, curious alliances are made, which snap when the issue which brought the allies together is no longer in debate. In this instance, Stalin's demise two months after his Doctors' Plot made the act of alliance extraordinarily short. A new set of relationships had then to be formed at speed, with the immediate, but temporary, common purpose of all the hierarchy not to involve themselves in another plot, purge or machination which would upset the balance. That such a development was possible or likely was probably taken as axiomatic by all those grouped round Stalin's coffin. It was a moment of supreme uncertainty, not dissimilar from the situation which Khrushchev has lately engineered.

What followed was an artful as well as an obvious move, but one which also pointed and still points towards instability. In a flash, power was contracted in order to be divided : Stalin's 36-membered Presidium (which replaced the old Politburo) shrank to 14, and the Council of Ministers, which Stalin had expanded to over 50, was reduced by Malenkov to 25. Taking

for himself the posts of Head of the Secretariat of the Party and Chairman of the Council of Ministers (thus straddling the leadership of both the Party and the Government) Malenkov remained in this uncollective position for about a week only. On March 14, 1953, "he was released from his duties as Secretary of the Party at his own request" (*sic*). The words are an immediate reminder of his more humble and more humiliating letter of resignation last February, which his opponents had drafted and which he was not even trusted to read himself. Probably from March, 1953, and certainly from September of that year, Khrushchev stepped up to make the ownership of the Party his personal affair. But apparently in order to level the score, Khrushchev was not then and is still not to be seen in the Council of Ministers, which is the apex of the administrative machine. One of the consequences of this division of the swag was visible when Khrushchev in his own name and in the name of the Party was unappreciative of the work of certain Ministries which were called to account for impeding the progress of his agricultural campaign.

Long before Khrushchev had introduced the September, 1953, decrees placing agriculture as the first of the Party's economic problems, the Soviet leadership was again faced with the immediate problem of survival. The facts of the panic and disarray began to show themselves when Beria broke the rules. To discover his real infringements is not easy, as the official indictment in many respects evidently bore the same relationship to truth as chalk to cheese. For instance, there can be few adult believers outside the faith for the charge that Beria was caught by the long arm of the British Secret Service in 1921 and remained thereafter on the agent's payroll. But this piece of

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nursery make-believe was not matched by the charge that he was using his personal followers in the MVD for his own ends. It was this type of political policeman like himself who faced the firing squad just before Christmas, 1953, and it is the safest of guesses that very many others suffered a similar fate or worse. Some of the changes in appointments after July, 1953, in Moscow, Kiev and Tiflis support the view that Beria had already gone some way towards placing his old friends and retainers in key positions. On the present evidence, there is, however, no means of knowing whether he was so neatly removed owing to Malenkov's advance warning of a genuine bid for power, or whether Beria was only a potential bidder. The essential fact to grasp is that Malenkov could and clearly did gain support for the view that this was a distinction without a difference. Although this reasoning may be obscure to us, it has a pellucid clarity to any member of the Soviet hierarchy, for a potential opposition and a potential enemy are not opponents at one remove. They are actual opponents who are designing your annihilation and will succeed if you do not annihilate them. Hence, whether or not Beria was planning a *coup d'état* was irrelevant. His manoeuvring of his men into positions of power, where their allegiance was to only one of the happy band, was against the mid-1953 rules. The penalty for the foul was annihilation, in the sense that even Beria's existence is now no longer officially recorded and Clio's mistake in placing him, for example, in the State Defence Committee in 1941 has at last been rectified.

The other fact of importance is the skill with which Beria's removal was effected. Although he may have been too cocksure and guilty of criminal foolishness in relaxing his grip, Beria



MARSHAL ZHUKOV.

Camera Press.

was plainly no easy victim. The fortunate fiasco in Berlin on June 17, 1953, probably also made Malenkov's task easier, but it would be churlish not to award him full credit for the achievement. By such tokens are estimates made, both inside and outside Russia, of the calibre of Soviet leaders. To have had Beria behind bars within four months of surviving Stalin's death argues an unusually impressive knowledge of how to rule Russia. But now that the tradecraft has become commoner knowledge, Khrushchev has made an advance on Malenkov's achievement. To transform Malenkov from Chairman of the Council of Ministers into a submissive Minister of Electric Power Stations, then bawl at him through *Pravda* a fortnight later that he cannot even do this job efficiently, and finally pass him over flagrantly when others are being promoted is, up to the time of writing, a Soviet record in its own right.

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Between Beria's disgrace and Malenkov's humiliation, there were no earthquakes, though the seismograph was not inactive. It became evident, however, in 1954 that Malenkov had no "ism" of his own by which to make himself more equal than the others in his collective team and that he had no quick answer to the problems which had grown like spring rabbits from the 1953 solutions. It remains to be seen if Khrushchev will now fare any better from his better position of control as Head of the Party apparatus. One such problem, which proved too much for Malenkov and which will test Khrushchev, is the loyalty of the Police. To remove Beria was one thing. It is quite another to demote and publicly humiliate the political police. At one time it was fashionable to guess without the evidence that Kruglov was merely a heavy-jowled traffic cop, unacquainted with the arts and finery of the game. Nothing is less likely to be true. The clumsy survivors among those who have travelled for a long period in the front seat of the Police bus can be numbered on the fingers of a hand, and Kruglov is plainly not one of them. If, however, such reliance could be placed on Kruglov, why was his private empire bisected in March, 1954, and a vast chunk of his responsibilities turned over to Serov, who was awarded the prize of Head of the Committee of State Security (KGB), which appears to be the old Ministry of that name (MGB) exercising its traditional functions behind a thin veil.

On the old-fashioned, but none the less worthy, principle, Khrushchev may now feel happier having both Kruglov and Serov to play off the one against the other. But this is no final prophylactic. The division of responsibility for procuring the internal and external intelligence needed by Moscow and for

ruling the slave labour which is employed on important economic enterprises is no answer to the problem of the loyalty of the officials in either of the sectors of the business of political police work. All three—Khrushchev, Kruglov and Serov—have to face not only the fact that important officials have defected to the West from Berlin, Vienna, Canberra and Tokio, but that there are others who would jump if they were within jumping distance. The phenomenon of a conscience-stricken policeman, anxious to go while the going is good, may seem strange on our side of the Iron Curtain, but it must be viewed as something worse than strange on their side. It is plain that the germ is about and the vaccine has not yet been found. Nor is this surprising. It is wholly unreasonable, even by Soviet standards, to deprive the political police—the MVD and the KGB—of their traditional positions of feudal privilege and then expect them to continue their traditional gratitude and subservience. In Beria's day, his was a rewarding profession in every sense. The Police had a right of way which may have made them unloved by their Party colleagues and which may not have entitled them to the respect of the intelligentsia. But there were juicy compensations. Now they are ordered to take their place in the queue and enjoy it. Loss of perquisites, loss of position, and entirely reasonable uncertainty about their future have dovetailed into one another and produced a problem of loyalty to which Malenkov had no answer. Has Khrushchev?

A further complication is the present position of the soldiers who have been allowed a dangerous measure of elbow-room. The choice of Marshal Konev and General Moskalenko, a fighting soldier whose predecessor as Commander of the Moscow Military District had been an MVD man, to serve

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on the military tribunal which sentenced Beria may have been return payment by the Party for the services which the Army rendered before, during and after Beria's fall at the end of June, 1953. But this was not the only indication that the Army was enjoying release from the strait-jacket tailored by Stalin. Another was the execution of Abakumov and a handful of his war-time colleagues in SMERSH—an abbreviated motto meaning "Death to Spies," which was the name of the Police espionage system inside the Army during the war. Thus last Christmas Day the soldiers may have celebrated the fact that there were six fewer SMERSH-men at large, though they all know that SMERSH has a modern if less powerful counterpart. Khrushchev may argue that he still has Bulganin to represent the armed forces in the Presidium and that Bulganin's principal qualification for this post is that he is the purest of Party men, with no experience of soldiering as it is understood in any regular army. He can point to the interlocking mechanism of political controls which are active from the highest to the lowest of Soviet military formations. He can say that Marshal Zhukov, for instance (Minister of Defence at last), is now appeased and therefore no longer greedy or jealous. But is this sufficient, and what account does it take of old and still unsettled scores as, for instance, between Zhukov and Serov, who have a quarrel dating back to their service alongside one another in Germany after the war? When the next plot is launched, will not the interrogator himself be interrogated: "How long will it be before our positions are reversed?" It is in this way, perhaps, that real counter-revolution may begin. At the very least, the eleven new marshals of the Red Army appointed on March 11th are likely to prove quite a handful.

Moreover, even if the present leadership feels that it has its senior soldiers under adequate watch at the centre in Moscow, is it not a permanent possibility that the military hierarchy, like the old MVD hierarchy, are more dangerously free when posted on the periphery? Policemen and soldiers have to travel and live abroad, where the opportunities of contact with the West (which may lead overtly or covertly to a change of faith) are enormously increased. Now that Russian senior officers feel that their military uniform means something, the contrast is all the sharper with the lesser glory of the MVD shoulder-straps. Relations between policemen and soldiers were never happy, but whereas in the old days it was the policeman of no great rank who could bring a senior Army officer to attention or brush him off the side-walk, now the soldiers stand up on their own with greater confidence. Although there is nothing as yet to suggest that they are ready to strike out with a line of their own, no one in Moscow needs any reminder that what may be invisible now may still exist and soon become perceptible. That is why it is as well to have Serov and Kruglov to hand. Both would lick their lips at the thought of an invitation to keep the military in their place. In that weird world and in this context the wish is a close blood-relation of the deed—as all the soldiers know from the events of the Army purge in 1937.

Meanwhile the older men in the Presidium will watch for the evidence that Malenkov's defeat has been absolute and unconditional: which is another way of saying that they will watch to see how Khrushchev manages the practice of theoretically collective leadership. Their interest is survival, not heroics. Thus Molotov, with a lifetime of obedience behind him,

sensibly made no fuss over Khrushchev's intrusion on his private preserves in 1954. All the leading personnel in the field of foreign affairs have looked to Molotov for grace and favour since 1939, when he succeeded Litvinov. Last year, however, the Ambassadors appointed to Warsaw, Prague, Budapest and Bucharest were officials whose whole life had been spent in the service of the Party inside Russia and whose first allegiance then and now is consequently to Khrushchev, who uncollectively himself looked after the visit to China last autumn. Similarly, others of Molotov's generation and seniority, like Kaganovich, who is a Jew, and Mikoyan, who is an Armenian (all three were in the Politburo in 1926 long before Khruschev or Malenkov had climbed to these commanding heights), may wonder to-day how firm their hold still is on the sectors of the economy for which they have so long been responsible. Both these famous administrator-technicians, Kaganovich for heavy industry, and Mikoyan for trade, have

managed, up to the moment of writing, to skid clear of trouble. Are they now, with the rise of technocrats like Peruvkin and Saburov, so indispensable? Have they or their juniors cornered the top jobs?

Thus when mention is made of Malik, the Ambassador in London, the questions to ask about his future are those posed by his immediate entourage in his own Embassy: Who appointed him? How long will he last? Will he "die"? Have Kruglov and Serov happy or unhappy memories, confirmed or conflicting accounts of his record in the not so distant past when he was one of theirs? No one member of the present Presidium is yet able to return firm answers to all these questions with a persuasive show of confidence; certainly not Molotov, certainly not Bulganin; not even Khrushchev as yet, in spite of his parade of omniscience and old-fashioned Labour Party behaviour in the presence of visitors from the West and at diplomatic gatherings.

AMERICA AND THE MIDDLE EAST

By DENYS SMITH

ALTHOUGH the United States has been mainly concerned during the past month with Western Europe and the Far East—with the difficulties of German rearmament and the threats to Formosa—the free world area in between, from the Eastern Mediterranean to the Arabian Sea, has not been neglected. Now that

there is little more to do but ride out the Formosa crisis and wait and see what happens about the Paris agreements on Germany, Dulles will undoubtedly devote greater attention to the Middle East, the importance of which is often under-estimated or even overlooked by the general public.

When the American Government

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talks of the Middle East in relation to defence against Communism, it is thinking not about the Near East in its narrow sense, but of a large egg-shaped area starting with Libya to the West, northward to Turkey, round towards Persia and Afghanistan and Pakistan, then down to the Arabian Peninsula and Egypt to the South. At the core of this egg-shaped area lie the Arab League States and Israel. The population of the area is around 150 millions. Its natural resources are great. It contains three-fifths of the world's oil reserves. It is a vital communication centre, the bridge between Europe, Asia and Africa. Its potential agricultural importance has still barely been tapped. The value of the area to the Western world, and equally the danger if it were lost to Communism, are obvious. On the same day that Dulles arrived back from the Far East, one of his State Department associates made a speech on the Middle East. He said : "This area is one whose loss to the free world would be a major disaster. Yet unless we do something it is quite possible that this loss will take place."

Why should it be thought that Russia would turn its attention to this area? Since the war, Russia has built up a series of satellite States on its Western border. On its Eastern border is Communist China. Only to the South are the bordering States free, non-communist and independent. This alone would make them the most likely area for Russia's next expansionist move, now that a more aggressive foreign policy is likely following Malenkov's downfall. But the evidence is not only circumstantial. There is concrete evidence in captured German documents that Russian policy is to expand its sphere of influence in the Middle East. When Molotov visited Berlin in November, 1940, over a year

after the original Molotov-Ribbentrop pact, he reached a secret agreement with the Nazi Government acknowledging that Russian aspirations lay southward to the Indian Ocean. Russia's interest in the Balkans was shown by the fact that it was here that the first strains developed in the Berlin-Moscow partnership of the early war years, which later led to a complete breach. If Russia then felt that great risks should be run not to abandon all claims in the Balkan area down to the Dardanelles, there is no reason to believe that she should have changed her mind now that the military balance is more favourable to her. The following year, in April, 1941, Matsuoka, the Japanese Foreign Minister, made a trip to Moscow. Once again Russia's interest in her Southern border area was made manifest. The Russians and Japanese found it possible to divide their spheres of interest—Japanese aspirations turning away from Russia towards Burma and South-East Asia, leaving Russia with a free hand to the West of Burma. It seems quite possible, since Russia's objectives have remained unchanged from the days of the Czars, that her present understanding with the Chinese Communists is similar to her war-time understanding with the Japanese. The aggressive power in Asia has changed, but the area of aggression which Russia is willing to tolerate remains the same.

After the war there was a significant change in the nature of Western strength which had held back the Russian drive to the South. British military strength in South Asia and the Near East was withdrawn. India, Palestine and Egypt obtained a new status which, though politically inevitable, left the area defenceless. It was not Russia's lack of interest, but Russia's preoccupation elsewhere, which has saved this area. Efforts at

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penetration were made, but Russia did not pursue them when the probing attempts ran into opposition. These started in 1945 and 1946 with efforts to take over Persian Azerbaijan. During the same period pressure was brought to bear on Turkey for the surrender of the Kars-Ardahan area of East Turkey and for concessions in the Dardanelles. The more recent subversive efforts in Persia were nearly successful. To meet this Communist pressure southward the American-Turkish Aid programme was started in 1947 and later Turkey was brought into N.A.T.O. During 1951 and 1952 a determined effort was made to build up a Middle East Defence Organization on N.A.T.O.'s Eastern flank. But these efforts were wrecked by Arab friction with Israel and the attitude of Egypt toward the Suez Canal.

In 1953 Dulles became the first American Secretary of State to visit the Middle East while in office. His trip led him to conclude that the effort to build up strength in the Middle East to replace the vanishing British military power was on the wrong lines. American policy shifted to a new concept, that of the Northern Tier. The free world defences under this concept would be pushed North from the Suez area to Turkey and the States directly bordering on Russia, where a greater awareness appeared to exist of the Communist danger. Among the Arab States the Communist threat was subordinated to the local squabble with Israel. Last year the formal structure of the Northern Tier began with a mutual aid treaty between Turkey and Pakistan. The U.S. followed by negotiating a Military Aid agreement with Pakistan similar to that which it had with Turkey. Last February Turkey and Iraq signed a mutual defence treaty, a step which the U.S. regards as of great significance. For the first

time a member of the Arab League was placing the Communist threat above local interests. Iraq's determination to align herself with the West, even though this strained the Arab League, is attributed to the shock felt last year when the Communist Party nearly seized control in Persia, thus giving Moscow that road to the Indian Ocean which has for so long been one of its main objectives. Iraq's boundaries form a rough triangle, one side of which borders on Persia. She has no common border with Russia, but the loss of Persia to Communism would have exposed one-third of her frontier to Communist penetration. Turkey, Pakistan, Iraq and Persia are now all aligned with the West and there is some expectation, or at least hope, that Afghanistan will within a short time follow suit.

While the situation is being strengthened by various alliances, it has also been strengthened by the disappearance of two trouble-spots. Three things which caused weakness in the Middle East area were the Persian oil dispute with Britain, linked with the efforts of the Tudeh or Communist Party in Persia to profit from the economic hardships the dispute caused ; the British dispute with Egypt over the Suez Canal ; and the hostility between the Arab League and Israel. The Persian oil settlement and the Suez Canal settlement leave only the Arab-Israel hostilities as a weakening factor. But the defence arrangements are still on an unsatisfactory basis. There is no regional defence scheme, only a network of separate bilateral threads. Political considerations, moreover, have led to the ironical situation that the one nation in the central core of the Middle East area most anxious to align itself with the West—Israel—is prevented from doing so. America counsels patience, but the Israeli Government is showing increasing impatience.

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Israeli criticism of American Middle East policy is that its objective of building up defensive strength in the Middle East is sound, but the means employed to do it are wrong. There is now a network of bilateral security treaties in the area from all of which Israel is excluded. There are British treaties with Egypt, Iraq, and Jordan. There are Turkish treaties with Pakistan and Iraq. There are American agreements of varying kinds with Pakistan, Saudi Arabia and Persia (where there is an American Military Assistance Advisory Group known as M.A.A.G.). This network is based on a purposeful exclusion of Israel. Article 5 of the Turkish-Iraq treaty invites the adherence of other nations with which both signatories have full diplomatic relations, meaning the Arab States but not Israel. There is a similar form of discrimination in the Anglo-Egyptian treaty which covers an attack upon any member of the Arab League security pact. There is nothing in the treaty between Turkey and Iraq about peaceful settlement of disputes and refraining from aggression, which similar types of treaty carry as a matter of course, including the American defence treaty with Nationalist China. Article 3 restricts the scope of the customary ceremonial phrase about peaceful settlement to "between themselves." These treaties do not weaken the Arab League, the Israeli argument runs, but make membership the first condition of eligibility to join. This one-sided relationship of the Western Powers with Arab States now aiming at the extinction of Israel is a poor way, according to the Israeli view, of strengthening the core of the broad Middle East area. The policy of the Western Powers encourages an Arab conception of the Palestine armistice, not as a transition to peace, but as a form of regulated warfare, a set of rules

governing the conduct of hostilities.

The views and fears of a small nation of one-and-a-half million inhabitants may not be important in themselves, but not so very long ago, owing to Zionist influence in the United States, they would have had considerable importance. There have been signs that the strong Zionist political pressure exerted in the past may be revived and, given the balanced state of American political parties, recover some of its former influence. The first step advocated at a Conference of National Jewish Organizations held at Washington in March was to give concrete form to the tripartite declaration of Britain, France and the United States in May, 1950. Its most important provision was that, if there was any threat or use of force in the region, or any preparation to violate the armistice line, then the three Powers would "immediately take action both within and outside the United Nations, to prevent such violation." But so far this declaration has never been given legal binding form.

However, as against the official Israeli position that a settlement of the Arab-Israel dispute is being hindered rather than helped by American Middle East policy, is the undoubted anger of Egypt that there should have been a breach in the Arab front, and its efforts to form a new Arab Security Pact, since it considers the old one in effect invalidated by Iraq's unilateral action. If the Arab League loses its cohesion, and if the Arab States come to realize that their own danger lies outside the Middle East, then a better atmosphere will be created in which a solution of the last weakening element in the Middle East area will be possible. Then a more determined effort can be made to weld the present network of independent treaties into some kind of regional arrangement. This might be restricted to the States in the area itself, assisted

and supported by outside Powers, or it might include Britain, the United States and possibly France, who all have historic or economic interests in the area. It might be a single structure, or two or more separate but related

units. The United States has no fixed views on the ultimate form. The policy is to let the nations of the area take the lead in establishing their own co-operative arrangements.

DENYS SMITH.

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NATURALIZED FAUNA OF BRITAIN

By R. S. R. FITTER

IN a small crowded country like Great Britain it is inevitable that the larger animals should get in the way of the human inhabitants and go to the wall. Within historic times we have lost the brown bear, the wolf, the beaver, the wild boar, the reindeer and the wild ox among furred animals; and the crane, the capercaillie, the sea-eagle, the osprey and the goshawk among birds. Descendants of the wild ox, or aurochs, still survive as the white park cattle of Chillingham in Northumberland and one or two other places, including Whipsnade Zoo. Reindeer, too, are with us again, in the experiment to re-establish them that is being conducted in the Spey Valley. A small colony of beavers lived for many years in a more or less wild state in Sir Giles Loder's grounds at Leonardslee, Sussex, but they died out some five or six years ago. Among the birds, the capercaillie returned, Swedish stock having been successfully reintroduced in Perthshire in 1837, and there is some evidence that the goshawk has also returned, escaped falconry birds having recently bred on several occasions in Sussex. For the rest, nobody would wish to see the wolf back again, though it has been seriously suggested that the brown bear ought to be reintroduced into a

Scottish National Park in the Highlands, if the Scottish Office can ever be persuaded to bring itself into the 20th century by agreeing to promote a National Parks Bill for Scotland. Few people would not be glad to see the sea-eagle, osprey and crane back again as British breeding birds, but the last-named at least seems a hopeless prospect. There are now no breeding cranes between South Spain and Scandinavia, and the Scandinavian birds make a non-stop journey from the marismas to the fjords on their two annual migrations. It is of some interest to recall, however, that Colonel Richard Meinertzhang once heard the unmistakable calls of a party of cranes over London in a dense fog during the month of May; doubtless they had lost their way.

Striking a balance, we have lost about half a dozen species of furred and four-footed beasts, mostly rather large and impressive ones, and have gained, by way of compensation, a little more than a dozen, mostly rather small and unimpressive ones, in exchange by direct or indirect human introduction over the past two thousand years. With the birds we have lost fewer and also gained fewer. In all about one-fifth of our present resident mammal

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species, and about one-twentieth of our resident all-the-year-round birds, have been introduced.

These naturalized animals and birds can be divided into two categories, those which were introduced deliberately, and those which have either escaped from captivity, with or without the connivance of their owners, or have made their way here independently on board ship. There are several reasons why animals are deliberately released on to an unsuspecting and often subsequently indignant countryside. One is to supply more game for sporting purposes, and since in earlier days hunting was a more serious activity than it is now, we can include here the release of animals in an endeavour to increase the food supply. Another reason is an attempt to embellish the countryside by creating a richer variety of wild life, especially with ornamental waterfowl and pheasants, and linked with this there is an element of pure curiosity, scientific or otherwise, as when such creatures as the grey squirrel and little owl have been set free. Finally, in a few cases animals have been deliberately introduced as a measure of biological control in an endeavour to keep down other animals.

It is the sportsmen who have made many of the most spectacular additions to our fauna, especially birds. When Lord Ribblesdale and Peter Ormrod decided to establish a pack of buckhounds in the Ribble valley in 1906 they enlarged first some black fallow deer, and later some Japanese sika. The sika thrived exceedingly and are now found over a wide tract of country on the borders of Yorkshire and Lancashire. It was the shooting fraternity who gave us the pheasant and the French or red-legged partridge, and who successfully imported the red grouse to Exmoor, the capercaillie to Scotland, and the blue mountain hare

to Snowdonia and the Lowlands of Scotland. The pheasant of course has been with us for a very long time, at least since the Norman Conquest, but it was the massive introductions of new blood, especially of the ring-necked Chinese race of the pheasant, that saved the situation when overshooting threatened the stock of the so-called "old English" Caucasian pheasant in the 18th and 19th centuries. It used to be thought that the Romans brought the pheasant to Britain, but when the bones on which this belief rested were critically examined they all proved to be those of the domestic fowl. No doubt the domestic fowls of those days looked somewhat unlike our portly Wyandottes. However, the Romans probably did bring us the fallow deer, and it has recently been suggested that they were also responsible for our common hedgerow elm, a tree that is nowhere found in a truly wild state in Britain.

The other major success of the sportsmen has been the spread of the red-legged partridge over most of southern and eastern England, from small beginnings in the 17th and 18th centuries. They have, however, had far more failures than successes. Game-birds from all over the world have been let loose on English fields and Scottish moors at one time or another : ryper or willow-grouse from Scandinavia, Barbary partridges from Morocco, bobwhites from North America, and even rufous tinamous from the Pampas. These last survived for several years in the 'eighties in one district of Essex, but like the others never established themselves.

Most of the birds put down to embellish the countryside have been waterfowl, and both the Canada goose and the mandarin duck are firmly established in many parts of the country, purely as a result of introductions for

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this purpose. Far the most interesting large-scale experiment of this kind has been conducted by successive Dukes of Bedford at Woburn Abbey with pheasants and waterfowl, but so far no birds have succeeded in establishing themselves outside the park, although a pair of red-crested pochard which bred in Lincolnshire in 1937 had probably come from there. For many years there have been full-winged colonies of Egyptian geese in various parts of Norfolk, and there is still a thriving one at Holkham on the north coast, but with the exception of a pair which bred in Hertfordshire in 1938 and reared three young they never seem to have spread away. The establishment of gadwall on the Breckland meres in south-west Norfolk, and at Barnes in Surrey, represents another success in the policy of diversifying our breeding waterfowl. Actually Woburn's greatest successes have been among deer, for several alien species have spread out from the park, or from nearby Whipsnade, and now occupy a territory of several hundred square miles in southern and midland England. The axis deer has been seen at least fifty miles from Woburn, the Chinese water-deer eighty miles and the muntjac or barking-deer, which has reached Matlock, a hundred miles.

The great majority of introductions, however, are not deliberate but accidental. Somebody is careless about fences or cages, or perhaps just gets tired of keeping the animal in captivity, and lets it go. In this way a great many mammals that have been imported by farmers for their flesh or fur, such as the rabbit, muskrat and coypu, have escaped and overrun the countryside. Many others still, of course, have escaped and completely failed to establish themselves, perhaps fortunately so. Thus the muskrat, which can do great harm to river banks, had to be exter-

minated by a costly special campaign conducted by the Ministry of Agriculture. The rabbit, which has been with us ever since our medieval ancestors imported it for its valuable fur and meat, looks as if it may be somewhat scarcer in future years, especially in lowland districts, but it seems very unlikely that it will ever be completely exterminated, especially in the hills and on sea-cliffs.

Only a few animals fall into the category of independent arrivals on board ship, but they are the most destructive of all, the rats and the house-mice. The house-mouse is believed to have accompanied our Neolithic ancestors about 4,500 years ago, but the two rats are more recent, the black rat having come in the baggage of the returning Crusaders in the Middle Ages, and the brown rat as late as the reign of George I, whence its derogatory name of Hanoverian rat. This was actually as much a term of political abuse directed towards the Whigs by the Jacobites and Roman Catholics as a name for the rat. Only one animal has been directly introduced as a measure of biological control, the polecat-ferret, which is common on one or two Scottish islands, and scattered elsewhere—most so-called polecats reported in England to-day are actually escaped polecat-ferrets. The domestic cat gone wild also has a claim to be included in this category.

Many of the introduced animals and birds, such as the brown rat, the grey squirrel, the little owl, and formerly the rabbit, are now so firmly lodged in ecological niches in the countryside that it is hard to imagine a time when they were not there. This term "ecological niche" holds a clue as to why some attempts to introduce animals succeed and others do not. Most animals and birds are specially adapted to some particular habitat, though a

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few, mainly of a scavenging propensity, are so adaptable that they can fit themselves in almost anywhere. It is only when an animal is both released in sufficient numbers to outweigh the risk of chance extermination at the outset, and finds a habitat in keeping with at least its main requirements for an ecological niche—food, breeding place, roosting place, and so on—that it can successfully establish itself in new territory.

This new territory may actually be in a different part of its native country, as with the red grouse on Exmoor. Thus, according to Bruce Campbell in the New Naturalist volume on *Snowdonia*, the blue mountain hare, which is a native of the Scottish Highlands, has established itself more firmly on the grassy rounded summits of the Berwyn Mountains in North Wales than on the more barren main mass of the Snowdon mountains. This is paralleled by its similar greater success when introduced on the grassy hills of the English Pennines and the southern uplands of Scotland, where it is now commoner than in its native subalpine habitat in the Highlands. One can only suppose that the grassy hills to the south of the Highland line now more closely resemble the true habitat of the blue hare than do the Highland mountains which have hitherto been supposed to be its natural haunts. Perhaps also the absence further south of one of the blue hare's principal enemies, the golden eagle, is partly responsible.

An even more interesting example of an animal finding the right ecological niche is provided by the American grey squirrel, whose life-history has recently been so ably described by Monica Shorten in another New Naturalist book, *Squirrels*. This animal was introduced sporadically from about 1830 onwards, but it only really caught on in the 'nineties, when it began to

spread like wildfire. It now seems very probable that this was due to the simultaneous disappearance, as a result of a mysterious epidemic, of the native red squirrel, for when the red began to recover from its epidemic and try to reoccupy its lost territory, it met with strenuous resistance from the grey. It is not true, as Monica Shorten shows, that the grey drove out the red, but it does appear to be true that the grey has prevented the red from becoming common again in the south of England, as it was during the last century. It is of considerable interest that the European red squirrel is a native of coniferous woodland, while in its American homeland the grey occupies deciduous woods. Moreover, there is some evidence that the red squirrel had only comparatively recently invaded the deciduous woodlands of the south, so that the grey is in fact better adapted to life in them than its rival. Incidentally, it is not generally known that at one time the red squirrel became extinct in Scotland, and was reintroduced all too successfully, as foresters will ruefully reflect.

A most important factor in the creation of vacant ecological niches for introduced animals has been the constant slaughter of beasts and birds of prey in the supposed interests of game preservation. This not only clears the way for introduced pests like rats and rabbits, whose principal enemies, the stoat and weasel, are among the chief adornments of the average keeper's gibbet, but leaves room for smaller and more adaptable birds of prey, such as the little owl, which has spread all over England and Wales and is now spilling over into Scotland from quite small beginnings in Kent and Northamptonshire sixty or seventy years ago.

Britain is not the only European country to suffer from the ravages of introduced animals. Rats of course

are now almost universal, and immense damage has been done to river banks in Central Europe by musk-rats. In France, besides the musk-rat, the most important mammals naturalized during the past hundred years are the coypu, the marmot, sika and fallow deer, and the mouflon. There are now active colonies of musk-rats in five departments in northern and eastern France. The coypu, which is also at large in England in the Norfolk broads and meres and in the Thames valley, but is fortunately much less harmful, is now to be found in the valleys of the Somme and Seine and along many canals in northern France. Marmots have recently been introduced into the Pyrenees; they are of course already native in the Alps in France. The mouflon, the native wild sheep of Corsica and Sardinia, has been successfully established in the Pyrenees and Vosges.

With the lessons of the rabbit in Australia and Britain, the musk-rat in

Europe, the grey squirrel in England and the starling and sparrow in North America before us, it should hardly be necessary to issue any further warnings about the folly of unconsidered introductions of animals and plants in strange countries. Even so seemingly harmless a creature as the fat dormouse, which has spread over a hundred square miles of the Chilterns since 1902, has to be kept under surveillance to make sure it does not become a pest—its chief present sin is galloping about the lofts of houses in Buckinghamshire “like a herd of young elephants,” according to one sufferer. It is impossible to predict what an animal harmless in its own country will do when transplanted to another, so that much the safest thing is not to introduce it at all. However, for the naturalist, the greatest interest attaches to the study of what happens to any animal that actually has been introduced.

R. S. R. FITTER.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

FROM “Episodes of the Month”,
The National Review, April,
1905:—

Few politicians have achieved distinction so rapidly as Mr. Bonar Law, who has been less than five years in the House of Commons. His success is all the more gratifying because it is neither due to the adventitious aids of advertisement practised by Mr. Winston Churchill, nor to the backing of political cabals which are frequently able to force incapable men into high places under our political system. Mr. Bonar

Law's speaking is one of the few attractive features of the present House of Commons, and the masterly manner in which he marshals his facts and figures in discussing such complicated questions as the Sugar Convention excites the enthusiasm of old Parliamentary hands. As he is equally successful in holding a popular audience, he must be regarded as a considerable political force. It is said that Mr. Balfour offered Mr. Bonar Law office after hearing him speak once for ten minutes.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD

SPRING INVASION*

By ERIC GILLETT

IT was Lytton Strachey who called attention to the distressing effect of the electric telegraph upon Victorians, eminent and otherwise. Its invention certainly curtailed correspondence and another blow was struck at leisurely, long-winded letter-writing when an even more revolutionary weapon, the telephone, appeared on the scene. It would be idle to speculate what literature has lost owing to these two means of swift communication. If Charles Lamb were alive now we should probably find him pouring out letters as long and as charming as ever. During the present century letter writing has become almost a lost art and one can number good contemporary correspondents on one hand. The late Sir Walter Raleigh would be at the head of the list, and Hines Page, a former American Ambassador, would be somewhere near him. The Lawrences, T. E. and D. H., deserve honourable mention, and so do Ellen Terry and Bernard Shaw. Gertrude Bell's letters are notable, and if the late Lord Esher had been a little less discreet his correspondence would be better known than it is.

To-day publishers are understandably shy of issuing volumes of letters. Mr. Geoffrey Cumberlege may be congratulated on producing in a most agreeable format *Poet and Painter*, the correspondence between Gordon Bottomley and Paul Nash during the years 1910-1946. The editing has been done by Professor Claude Colleer Abbott and Mr. Anthony Bertram with a quiet discretion which errs a little on

the side of understatement. This is generally a desirable thing but on this occasion I think that Professor Abbott's Introduction might have been fuller. Something a little less academic would have commended the book more strongly to many readers who are not familiar with the lives of two gifted and forthright personalities. This is only a small point but perhaps it is worth making. As Professor Abbott remarks, the letters speak clearly for themselves, and they are full of good, lively stuff. Paul Nash had the knack of hitting off a portrait in a sentence, as when he says, of Bottomley, "It was the sum of these many quiet, restful attributes (such as smiling eyes, gentle and deliberate speech) which accounted for his benign atmosphere, and suggested a kindly unwarlike old Northern God who in happier times might have lived in a grove and dispensed oracles."

One of the most fascinating things is the gradual development of Nash, who was only twenty when the corre-

* *Poet and Painter*. Being the Correspondence between Gordon Bottomley and Paul Nash, 1910-1946. Edited by Claud Colleer Abbott and Anthony Bertram. Cumberlege, O.U.P. 30s.

Going to the Wars. By John Verney Collins. 12s. 6d.

Isles to Windward. By Dane Chandon. Michael Joseph. 15s.

The World Before Us. By Lennox Cook. Collins. 15s.

Autobiographies. By W. B. Yeats. Macmillan. 21s.

One Man in His Time. By N. M. Borodin. Constable. 21s.

Qataban and Sheba. By Wendell Phillips. Gollancz. 21s.

Cards of Identity. By Nigel Dennis. Weidenfeld & Nicholson. 12s. 6d.

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spondence began, sixteen years younger than Bottomley. This Yorkshire poet became a bank clerk when he was only sixteen. Nash went to Colet Court and St. Paul's and disliked them intensely. Bottomley's life was a struggle with ill-health and he fought against it always with fierce resolution. One piece of advice that he gives Nash is characteristic of the whole correspondence. "You must love art," he wrote, "even more than you love life, and work hardest at art."

It would be ridiculous to pretend that either Bottomley or Nash can be numbered among memorable letter writers, but they both expressed themselves with enthusiasm and conviction about things which mattered enormously to them and their unfailing sincerity and zest make *Poet and Painter* a happy and very readable book. It makes a worthy tribute to two considerable men.

Mr. Siegfried Sassoon wrote *Memoirs of an Infantry Officer* twelve years after the First War had ended. He was able to get things into good perspective and the result is one of the best books about war which have ever been written.

The Second War has no book comparable in merit to Mr. Sassoon's or to Mr. Blunden's memorable *Undertones of War*. It is unlikely to have, because the young men who fought in it have been cast in a different mould. Urbanity and the ability to portray themselves with a kind of serene detachment are not frequent now. I do not believe that Mr. John Verney would lay claim to them. In spite of this, *Going to the Wars*, which he calls a "Journey in Various Directions," is, from the literary point of view, an important and civilized book, part journal, part autobiography, part novel, and part reflection.

It is impossible not to be impressed by Mr. Verney's honesty, even when he is at his most irritating, as for

instance when he writes sniffily about regimental chaplains. He is entertaining in a rather patronizing way when he describes his Yeomanry experiences in the 1930's, but he never succeeds in explaining why he went in for amateur soldiering at all. He is much more convincing when he goes to the Middle East and faces the challenge of leading men on active service. He has the true gift of being able to describe things he has experienced most vividly, and his parachute "drop" in Sardinia, with a fortnight in enemy country and subsequent capture, make an exciting narrative. It is perhaps the astringent note that Mr. Verney sounds which makes his book less attractive than the reminiscences of Mr. Sassoon. Under the shadow of the hydrogen bomb there can be no certainty, no jubilation. Mr. Verney is an accurate and sensitive observer. His book will be particularly acceptable to readers of his own generation.

Mr. Dane Chandos, who has lived in Mexico for some years, always writes with charm and humour, and his lake-side home on Lake Chapala must be one of the most delightful houses in the world, with its fragrant daturas and shielding jacaranda trees, hymned by an incessant chorus of frogs and crickets and cicadas. In *Isles to Windward* he writes about a holiday which took him to Cuba, Curacao, Jamaica, Haiti, Barbados, St. Vincent, St. Lucia, Grenada, and Trinidad. The book is notable for its absence of any sense of the colour bar and for Mr. Chandos's gentle determination to see what he wants to see without allowing anyone to put him off. Cricket and Calypsos, politicians and millionaire tourists are put into proper perspective and most of his narrative is concerned with simple and ordinary people. *Isles to Windward* has a deceptively casual surface, but its intrinsic value is considerable because

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Mr. Chandos is most sensitive to varying shades of opinion and he is able to describe a place as easily and economically as he can jot down the gist of a conversation. *Isles to Windward* is a much better book than *Journey in the Sun* and that is very high praise indeed.

The motor cycle trip through four continents recorded by Mr. Lennox Cook in *The World Before Us* was a much more restless and hurried excursion. With his companion he was away for eight months, and they rode through Europe, Asia, Australia, and North America. It was a strange odyssey. The two men had not met before. They had not, it seems, much in common except the urge to traverse mile after mile on the four wheels that carried them. It appears to be an uncomfortable way of seeing the world.

Mr. Cook is quick to sense an atmosphere and make a deduction. He is extremely good on India where "wherever we went we met the same sad wraith of British life" and an astonishing amount of crass incompetence. Western Australia displayed to him a liberal crop of "can't's" and "don't's":

Being isolated by a week's journey by land or sea from anywhere and having little apparent significance beyond its own boundaries, it seemed as a community, to have concentrated on making itself spruce, well-behaved and "nice," a process which has created a certain meanness or lack of extravagance, a tendency to investigate a neighbour's business, a sense of intolerance, and an absence of culture. The people seemed to behave as if they had learned how to from a book of etiquette, only dropping an occasional "h" when faced with the prospect of working beyond the hours laid down by a particular union. Like that gentle vegetable Eden, New Zealand, Western Australia showed no obvious sign of poverty, and few riches, but the relatively high minimum basic wage had resulted in a uniformity of

outlook that has bred a solid, if rather uninspiring contentment.

This appears to be a harsh generalization about a place where the Western Australian Automobile Association and the Met. office kept Mr. Cook and his friend daily informed of the weather conditions daily as they sat in Perth, waiting for the rain to stop. A meeting with Sir Donald Bradman in Adelaide and a spiritualistic séance in Sydney did little to cheer Mr. Cook up. Like many of his generation he is a most honest, self conscious, and critical observer, and it is a relief to know that his world journey seems to have rid his system of something that had been troubling it. "I may be bored again," he writes at the end, "but I shall never need quite such a drastic purgative." He has managed to make it palatable enough for the reader.

To have met Yeats, to have heard him read his verses in his curious, lilting (someone once called it "cantillating") style, was an unforgettable thing. In the years when he lived in Oxford and paced the streets, pausing sometimes to peer into a shop window and murmuring under his breath as he did so sometimes he roused an unworthy suspicion that he was not unconscious of the awestruck regard of passers-by. There may have been an element of exhibitionism in him but when he wrote he was a most scrupulous artist, and any additional information about him is welcome. His publishers have done well to reprint in one book all that he wrote about himself. *Autobiographies*, with eight portrait illustrations, is a noteworthy record packed full of good things, and some of the best of them are about J. M. Synge:

Whenever he tried to write drama without dialect he wrote badly, and he made several attempts, because only through dialect could he escape self-expression, see all that he did from

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without, allow his intellect to judge the images of his mind as if they had been created by some other mind. . . . He was timid, too shy for general conversation, an invalid and full of moral scruple, and he was to create now some ranting braggadocio, now some tipsy hag full of poetical speech, and now some young man or girl full of the most abounding health. He never spoke an unkind word, had admirable manners, and yet his art was to fill the streets with rioters, and to bring upon his dearest friends enemies that may last their lifetime.

Autobiographies is a beautiful, memorable book and the publishers have issued it in a format worthy of its contents.

It would be difficult to find a more complete contrast to it than Dr. N. M. Borodin's *One Man in His Time*. This is the story of a Don Cossack boy whose childhood was troubled by the Russian revolution of 1917 and by the great famine of 1921-2. His parents were poor people and he had a passion for a scientific education. After his training with the Red Army he qualified as a microbiologist and became in time Director of various Soviet Scientific Establishments which specialized in anti-virus veterinary research.

In the Second War he was awarded the Order of Lenin, and then sent to U.S.A. and Great Britain on government missions.

One Man in His Time is the work of an educated Russian. At first Dr. Borodin accepted the party doctrines and worked for the Secret Police. He describes his experiences as a scientist working for the Government and the conditions under which all kinds of people lived. He also shows how he underwent a change of heart. When he was in London in 1948 on a Soviet mission, he wrote to the Russian Ambassador there and renounced his Soviet Citizenship. It was, as he pointed out to M.

Zarubin, "the suppression of independent thinking" that drove him to take this step. It is worth noting that Dr. Borodin has written this striking autobiography in English, a language he learned to speak only ten years ago, because he has found that he likes to use this tongue for thinking, speaking and writing "equally well with my native Russian."

Against a terrifying and occasionally amusing picture of the Propaganda State the author shows how it became impossible for him to tolerate the atmosphere of lies and threats and espionage in which he was forced to live and work. On returning to Russia on one occasion from England he happened to mention to a thirteen-year-old boy that he had been in the country where penicillin was first discovered, only to be told by the child that the Russians, Manassein and Polotebnov, had produced it in the nineteenth century. The boy went on to attribute the genesis of radio, phlogiston, photosynthesis, aviation, helicopters, parachutes, steam engines, and electric bulbs to brainy Russians. Soon afterwards a conversation with his Minister seems to have decided Dr. Borodin that he had had more than enough of his native country. Written with humour and without a vestige of self-pity *One Man in His Time* is a heartening and richly informative autobiography.

At a time when there is an ever-increasing interest in archaeology Dr. Wendell Phillips's *Qataban and Sheba* is sure to find numerous readers and admirers, and it has been written in a form which must commend it to specialists and laymen. It is an ingenuous mixture of erudition and excitement, and I found that my sympathies were so roused on Dr. Phillips's side that I would certainly have banged together the heads of the sinister Prince Hassan and his myrmidons if it could

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have helped the Phillips expedition to achieve their aims.

As Dr. Phillips says, he has told the story of a dream which turned into a nightmare. The book records the doings of four expeditions. To begin with he went to Southern Arabia to inspect the buried cities which were the centres of the frankincense trade for over a thousand years. Timna, the ruined capital of Qataban, was the first. Their finds here were rewarding, and the light thrown on the whole history of the province was of even greater value. Next Dr. Phillips went to Marib, capital of the land of Sheba, regarded as the most promising of all the archaeological sites in Southern Arabia. It lies in the Yemen, which has been called "a closed area within a forbidden land." In spite of this Dr. Phillips received permission from the King to excavate there. He soon found that the royal consent did not clear the way for him as he had hoped. The Governor himself was not obstructive. The local officials were, and so were the representatives of Prince Hassan. They besieged the unfortunate members of the expedition, trying to give them instructions where and how the site was to be excavated. They seized their finds and made their lives intolerable, although they themselves knew nothing whatever about excavation and still less about the importance of the objects discovered. The Governor was recalled by the King, supplies from outside the Yemen were blocked, and cables for help were not sent. For a time the expedition seemed to be in danger of their lives, and from this point *Qataban and Sheba* reads like something out of a Buchan thriller.

Dr. Phillips felt his disappointments acutely but this has not prevented him from writing about his experience with great good humour and enthusiasm, and he can console himself a little for

his frustration because his expedition partially unveiled the hidden secrets of these buried cities and these have suggested new lines of exploration for the future. In addition, "mysterious kingdoms of the past and their kings, long believed lost, are now placed in their proper historical setting.

A loud tucket of critical trumpets heralded the appearance of an unusual new novel, Mr. Nigel Dennis's *Cards of Identity*. It must be hardening arteries that make me increasingly suspicious of this kind of mass enthusiasm but I was reassured when Mr. J. B. Priestley, who is not gulled by new-fangled nonsense, raised a hand in salute. On the face of it, the book is a crazy kind of fantasy and it would be just about twice as effective as it is if the author had had the good literary manners to present it to his readers with the care and precision displayed by Mr. Evelyn Waugh when he is constructing one of his satirical pieces.

The trouble with Mr. Dennis is like so many other writers, he has no idea when to stop. He has got hold of a splendid theme, original and full of possibilities. His ideas of construction are hazy in the extreme, and I kept feeling that he was more than a little vague about his ultimate intention. *Cards of Identity* might be the work of a kind of intellectual Crazy Gang. At its best it is extraordinarily diverting. There is a sort of nightmare logic about it. No one else could have written it. Parts are brilliant. Other sections seem to be composed of some new variety of verbal cotton wool, spongy in texture. If only Mr. Dennis can discipline his remarkable talents he may write a wholly satisfying book. If not he may drift gently towards the lunatic fringe (of course only in the literary sense). He has my thanks for giving me some delicious moments.

ERIC GILLETT.

THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

ANGRY CRITIC

THE EDUCATIONAL REVOLUTION. By Colm Brogan. *Frederick Muller Ltd.* 10s. 6d.

MMR. BROGAN'S is a journalist's book. To say this is not to ignore, or to under-rate, the front-line teaching experience he has had. But it is to say that in the shaping and writing of this book he has behaved as a journalist rather than as a teacher.

Its scope is encouragingly wide. The first three chapters describe the present state of affairs in the schools and outline the reasons, in history and in theory, why things are as they are. Then follows a review of the contributions made to the job of teaching and learning by the various partners involved in it; parents, pupils and teachers. The second half of the book discusses the imperfections of the present system in operation and the damaging effects of the ideologies which underlie it.

Broadly stated, Mr. Brogan's thesis is that there are two major causes of the lamentable state of the public system of education to-day. The first is the "progressive" theory, exemplified in "the play way," in exaggerated emphasis on teaching techniques to the neglect of the content of what is taught, and in the glorification of the pleasure of the child as the criterion of the success of the teacher. The second is the determination of politicians to make the educational system subserve their ideological ends. There is a third subsidiary villain of the piece, the selfish parent, who from lack of sympathy deprives his child of the education which his abilities deserve.

There is much here with which many will sympathize. We are all getting very tired of the wilder excesses of the "Don't interfere with their self-development" theorists; there is a healthy return to recognition of the importance of elementary literacy; egalitarianism is no longer unchallenged as the foundation of educational philosophy; and many regret the importation of party politics into the arrangements for the education of children. Further, the Grammar Schools and the long-suffering middle classes need and deserve all the champions they can find.

The trouble is that Mr. Brogan's indignation runs away with him. We all know how difficult it is to keep the mind clear when the heart is deeply involved. Mr. Brogan's blood runs so hot that his mental vision is clouded, not only to the extent of exaggerations which damage his case, but to the extent of such a tendentious presentation of that case as to invalidate a good deal of it. The parents and teachers to whom the book is addressed are not helped to a reasonable judgment of the admitted difficulties by overstatements which amount to mis-statements or by strident repetitions of arguments which, it must be confessed, have nothing very new in them. It does not help, for instance, in a passage about the teaching profession, to talk about "the 235,000 men and women toiling for the Ministry," for teachers are not employed by the Ministry; or, in a discussion of the theory behind the comprehensive school, to say "if all the diverse talents are of equal value it is as great a deprivation to send a Secondary Modern type to a Grammar School as to send a Grammar School type to a Secondary Modern School," for whether that be in fact true or not, it is hardly an argument against comprehensive schools. The fundamental difficulty for the reader is to know whether what he is reading purports to be an objective assessment of the good and bad features in our educational system or whether it is avowedly an attack from a *parti pris*, under the name of "commentary."

This is a pity, for a great deal of what Mr. Brogan writes is shrewd and telling, and nearly all of it is robust and readable. He does not say very much, except by allusion, about the contribution of the officials of the local education authorities, or about practicable positive remedies for the weaknesses which he exposes; and he might well reply that that was no part of his intention. The real weakness of a lively book is twofold: it too seldom sets out at its strongest the case which it is trying to combat; and it tries to convince by shouting rather than by reasoning.

J. F. WOLFENDEN.



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THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

MAD ABOUT BELLS

TOWERS AND BELLS OF BRITAIN. By Ernest Morris. *Robert Hale Ltd.* 21s.

CAMPANOLOGY, like fresco painting, is one of the few occupations which combines art and exercise, the æsthetic and the philistine. Bell ringers are a strange and dwindling clique, with their own journal—*The Ringing World*—and their own terminology. Where the layman hears merely chimes they are critical over such things as Triple Bobs or Grandsire Doubles; and where you or I gaze at the tracery of a perpendicular tower their attention is more likely to be fixed on the gudgeon of the tenor bell.

This is the world to which Ernest Morris introduces us, a world as curious as it is unknown. For though Dorothy Sayers and Dickens have broken momentarily into the magic circle, he is almost the first to describe it from the inside. Sometimes his enthusiasm runs away with him, and he forgets his grammar, even his public in remembering the changes he has rung in some country steeple or cathedral tower. For bell ringing is a hazardous occupation. Church designers suffer to a remarkable degree from the architects' traditional forgetfulness about stairs; and ringers have often to stalk their prey by way of distant turrets, undertaking perilous journeys along clerestories or between the top of the vaulting and the roof. Either of these ways will take them, sometimes in darkness, beside abysses where one false step means destruction, and it will never be known how many ringers, drunk with music, have toppled headlong to their death. One, at any rate, was Dickens' Edwin Drood, who stumbled or was pushed to his destruction among the vaulting of Rochester. Even to-day, ringers have to finish their journey to this tower by crawling on all fours under a beam.

In spite of the unusual information it has to impart, however, the book is not easy to read. Its dry recitation of detail

gives the impression of comprehensiveness without, in fact, being so, and though there are many photographs they are none of them good. It is also marred by a predilection for words like "somewhat," and its large number of facts are not related to any significant whole. But for those prepared to delve it is full of interest. It tells, for instance, how while building Ormskirk in Lancashire the two daughters of Orme the pirate had an argument as to the superior value of tower or spire. Each gave contradictory orders, with the result that it now has both. The chapter called "Curious Towers" is particularly fascinating. It describes how the tower at St. Lawrence's, Lincolnshire, was pulled over by the very buttresses which were put up to support it; how Chesterfield spire was bent when used as a perch by Lucifer in his journey from Nottingham to Sheffield; and how at Ermington in Devon the first bride was so beautiful that the steeple turned round to look.

Sometimes there has been intoxication with other things than music in bell chambers. The Dean of Norwich once announced that bell ringing was the cause of "much idleness and drinking" and a vicar of Launton, Oxfordshire, reduced the width of the tower entrance to a foot in order to discourage their habit of taking up casks of beer. Another unfortunate by-product of bell ringing is the unpredictable behaviour of bell ropes. Where ringing is done from the nave, ropes have wound themselves round lecterns or wrenched pews from their position, and an old lady at Harting in Sussex once timidly touched a bell-rope and was hauled 20 feet into the air. While up there she said repeatedly, "If ever I gets out of this—never no more, never no more"—a statement which became a byword in the neighbourhood.

But the most charming things in the book are the inscriptions on the bells themselves. These range from the simple admonition "Love God 1636 I.D." at Quarley in Hants to the beautiful "Are there not twelve hours in the day" on a clockbell at Chichester. A bell at Bath states both its giver and how much it cost her:



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and there is one at Bakewell in Derbyshire with an almost metaphysical statement of the vanities of this life:

Thro' Grandsires and Tripes
With pleasure men range
Till death calls the Bob
And brings on the last change.

JEREMY SANDFORD.

PRACTICAL JOKE

THE PILTDOWN FORGERY. By J. S. Weiner. *Oxford University Press.* 12s. 6d.

A RTHUR CONAN-DOYLE paid several visits to Piltdown and it is a great pity that he did not live to see the detective work done by Weiner and his colleagues. For *The Piltdown Forgery* is in fact a fascinating detective story, differing from the conventional novel only in that the villain is not finally laid by the heels, although the prosecutor's finger points to Charles Dawson as an accessory after the fact, if not the sole perpetrator. Perhaps the criminal has been allowed to escape by the skin of his teeth as Morriarti was allowed to do, ready for the next story, and who knows that some other evidence may not come to light at a later date, even though it now seems that Dr. Weiner had covered all conceivable avenues of investigation?

As I read, I only regretted that I already knew too much from the newspapers; the whole Piltdown affair has raised such a *furore* that there is nobody who does not know the salient facts. However, Dr. Weiner has spent a great deal of time following up all possible lines of research from the "whodunit" angle, and interviewed over 100 witnesses, and so his book contains much new evidence tending to convict Charles Dawson, that mild and charming solicitor from Uckfield, according to some authorities, or from the opinion of others, that scheming anti-

quarian who was always seeking kudos even where it was not due.

We have answered in full all those questions which we have been asking since November 21, 1953, when the announcement of the exposure was made. Is the evidence really conclusive? Could the Natural History Museum have been involved? Was the entire Piltdown collection, cranial fragments, mammalian remains, flints, tools, as well as the famous mandible, forged or brought in from other sites? What were all the principal people involved really like as individuals? And finally, who did it, and what could have been his motives? All these and many other points are covered in this excellent book.

Dr. Weiner was not the first person who doubted the authenticity of the Piltdown fragments, but he was the first who was so convinced of the fraudulent nature of the finds that he took action in pursuit of his hypothesis. There were many people, however, who doubted the genuineness of the finds, and in particular the age of the jaw-bone, and apparently several people who knew Dawson personally were openly sceptical of the whole thing. One point which Dr. Weiner does not explain adequately is the extraordinary fact that all the eminent paleontologists at the Natural History Museum fell into the hoaxter's trap and that they remained in it for forty years. Admittedly there were extremely few samples of remains which had any bearing on the evolution of man, but Dawson's specimens hoodwinked them one and all. The Museum had the originals and other scientists only had casts for comparative study—a most inadequate substitute.

It is easy to be wise after the event, but when one considers certain features it seems odd that nobody was suspicious. Moreover, no simple tests were conducted to see whether the specimens were genuine fossils. For instance, the cranium was tested for organic matter, but the all-important jaw was not. The falsity of the Moulin Quignon jaw was established in 1863 by just this method, so there seems little excuse for not using the method

Practical Joke

again in 1914. Again, that incredible "cricket bat" implement which we were all brought up to regard as the first tool used by man, turned out to be a fake, since it was found to be impossible to fashion bone by cutting with flint.

One might have thought that the amazing coincidences which occurred would have made somebody suspicious. The find included just the correct gravel (or it was thought to be), associated implements of the correct standard of workmanship, associated mammalian fossil remains for dating purposes; and when the jaw was found, just those parts which would have given the show away were missing—some of which are the last to become detached in other genuine finds. But more than that, Sir Arthur Smith-Woodward, who was the paleontologist from the Museum to whom the finds were taken, and who later did the excavations, made a model of a molar tooth, which was available to Dawson, and this Woodward said would be like the Piltdown molar if ever found—not long after an exact replica was in fact found. Then again, when people were saying that two individuals were involved, another find (now called Piltdown II) was announced, where the same characteristics were evident.

Dr. Weiner is rather naughty when he is describing how he first came to suspect that the whole affair was a hoax. According to him "the idea was repellent indeed" that Dawson or anybody else should have perpetrated such a monstrous falsification. However, when in 1953 I had the enjoyable job of analysing the fragments of Eoanthropus Dawsoni, and Dr. Weiner, Dr. Oakley, Professor le Gros Clark and myself had lunch in the same room where the X-ray spectrometer was working, there seemed to be little regret that my results were confirming their hypotheses. On the contrary one got the impression that Dawson was to be nailed, whatever happened! One felt tempted to think that perhaps the ink on Morris's flint which said "Stained by Charles Dawson in an attempt to defraud" should have been investigated forensically

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to discover the date of application; but alas, the evidence was conclusive. My regret was that I was unable to help the forger, for he is my hero for outstripping Cole or any other candidate to the title of champion practical joker. To have hoodwinked the greatest authorities, presumably in his own field, as he was obviously expert in comparative anatomy, and to have done so for four decades, is quite an achievement. I note, incidentally, that like Charles II he was "an unconscionable time a-dying." On page 177, we are told he died on August 10, whereas on page 15 it was September 10. What a pity he could not have lived a little longer to keep another generation of archaeologists busy, and provide material for such books as Dr. Weiner has written.

E. T. HALL

Cloak Without Dagger

THE MEMOIRS OF
SIR PERCY SILLITOE, K.B.E.,
Former Director-General of M.I.5

Foreword by the Rt. Hon. Clement Attlee,
P.C., O.M., C.H., M.P.

Ambitious as he had always been, Sir Percy Sillitoe had never in his wildest day-dreams visualised himself at the head of the Secret Service, but these extraordinary memoirs provide a more than adequate explanation of the rise to so exalted a position of the one-time choirboy of St. Paul's Cathedral.

They tell the story of a fifty-years fight for law and order against the criminals of two nations, first in South Africa, and later, amid the violence of gang warfare in Sheffield and Glasgow. Then wartime control of the Kent Police led to his arduous position as Director-General of M.I.5 and finally, after his retirement, to his return to Rhodesia to investigate illicit trafficking in diamonds.

Ready 7 April. Illustrated. 15s. net

CASSELL

Novels

HOMER'S DAUGHTER. Robert Graves.
Cassell. 10s. 6d.

MEDITERRANEO. Chapman Mortimer.
Cresset Press. 12s. 6d.

THE DIARY OF AN UGLY DUCKLING. Marianne Becker. *Secker & Warburg.* 12s. 6d.

THE TRY OUT. John Wiles. *Chatto & Windus.* 12s. 6d.

IN ANOTHER COUNTRY. John Bayley.
Constable. 12s. 6d.

A DYING FALL. Henry Wade. *Constable.* 10s. 6d.

MR. ROBERT GRAVES in *Homer's Daughter* supports Samuel Butler's belief that the *Odyssey* was written by a woman. The woman is Nausicaa, princess of Western Sicily around A.D. 750 who immortalized her own story by including it, with the permission of the bardic Guild, in the Homeric saga. Anyone who had never read or heard of the *Iliad* could enjoy the book, so brilliantly is the scene described, so bold and vigorous is the historical imagination. Those who know the background will be dazzled by the skill with which the author works in this or that incident, tracking the variants with fascinated glee. I have always disliked Princess Nausicaa since I first encountered her bouncing a ball on the beach and heartening the girls who were doing the royal washing. I felt sure she was a High School Prefect, terribly keen on playing for the side and routing out slackers. Here, in *Homer's Daughter*, place her where you will, is that same bossy, efficient Nausicaa, saving her father's throne, rounding up the stranger who came from the sea, who, not being Ulysses, didn't succeed in getting away from her.

Mr. Chapman Mortimer has collected a lot of praise for the originality of his writing. While conceding the brilliance of the style, I closed *Mediterraneo* with the feeling that no glimpse of reality had been granted. Mr. Mortimer's "effects" compel admiration as does a brilliant stage set : the ship hovering in

front of the little Spanish port ; the figures moving through the shadows; as long as the action moves by pictures it is engaging as a ballet. When the writer tries to fathom the mind and motives of the dancers, he seems to me to fall flat. Antonio, a lonely gipsy boy, is impelled by his sense of what is fitting to seek and kill the murderer of his brother; this is a familiar and acceptable motif of Gitano *mores*, but unfortunately the author has provided Antonio with a running commentary of self-analysis reminiscent of a literary type and mazes the impression by interlarding the reflection of the three spectators on the boat, whose personalities do not affect the story unless you accept the view, put forward by one of them, that he dreamed it all up. This book is spoilt by too much cleverness.

The Diary of an Ugly Duckling covers a few months in the self-told story of a girl of fifteen. She is the plain daughter of a middle-class household in Paris : her mother dislikes her, her two elder and prettier sisters ignore her, her father, an overworked doctor, is weak and caught up in his own frustrations. Full of spite and curiosity about people, with hardly any virtue but honesty, Cra Cra stumbles through the absurdities and exaltations of adolescence. After a brilliant start, the book takes a plunge into unconvincing melodrama. I can well believe that Cra Cra would open other people's letters: I cannot believe that the letters would reveal her father's life secrets. Luckily, the end is wholly delightful. Cra Cra, finding her lost dog and the red-headed lad she fancies at the same time, goes off the scene gaily unheeding of the tragedy which her egotism has brought about.

The Try Out is, as its name suggests, a story of the theatre, that peculiar world, infuriating or irresistible according to your taste. The narrator is a young man, who is stage manager to a small theatrical company trying to make something out of an unactable play. The book catches the unending crises, the jealousies, the casual love affairs, the bickering and the muddles almost too realistically, for what begins by being amusing grows tedious.

Autobiographies

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MACMILLAN

THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

Fortunately, there is a good climax: I never thought I could care whether or not a play "made" Golders Green, but Mr. Wiles brought off this feat.

In Another Country is a very good first novel. The author writes ironically but has great reserves of sympathy, also an admirable sense of time and place. The "other country" is Germany just after the end of the war in Europe. "No fraternization" is still, in these early days, very much the rule. Oliver Childers, a young, very civilian subaltern, has become friendly with a German family named Linkmann. The main attraction is, of course, the daughter Liese, but the will behind the half-expressed desires is Liese's brother Hermann, anxious to ingratiate himself for business favours. Oliver is a babe in the wood in these, indeed in all matters: his fellow subaltern, Duncan Holt, is not. Duncan is the unscrupulous charmer: Oliver, who ad-

mires him and has a great need of friendship, is bound to be left out in the cold by the more masterful character. Even when their friendship with the Linkmann family appears to inculpate Duncan more than Oliver, we know that Duncan will somehow, sometime, turn even this to his advantage. In a brief, wittily told epilogue showing the young men returned to civilian life, Duncan does just this. The book is extraordinarily acute in its easy-going understated way with scenes that are very funny.

The hero of *A Dying Fall* goes to our hearts at once by losing all his money on horses. His gallantry in face of a steeple-chasing disaster brings him to the notice of a very rich widow, who takes him on first as her stud manager and then as her second husband. Captain Rathlyn's financial troubles are over, but his other troubles have only just begun. This book illustrates once more that the English-type detective story, conventions and all, can hold its own.

RUBY MILLAR.

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JOHN CONNELL, *Evening News*.
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BOOKS IN BRIEF

SIR HAROLD NICOLSON notes, in his foreword to *W.S.C., A Cartoon Biography* (Cassell, 16s.), compiled by Fred Urquhart, that it is rarely indeed that a single statesman becomes prominent so young and remains prominent for so many decades that we can study the development of caricature in a highly concentrated personal form. Mr. Urquhart's gallery establishes one thing beyond possibility of argument. The enormous gusto of the original is reflected in the unflagging zest the cartoonists have shown for five and a half decades in depicting him.

* * *

Among the really successful T.V. series Mr. Christopher Mayhew's *Men Seeking God* (Allen & Unwin, 12s. 6d.) takes a

Books in Brief

high place. Its purpose was to present in each of six programmes a representative adherent of a great world religion. Well illustrated, these pieces make good, thoughtful reading.

* * *

French post-war politics are the continuing marvel of the uninstructed. Miss Dorothy Pickles's *France, The Fourth Republic* (Methuen, 8s. 6d.) gives an account of the working constitution of the Fourth Republic and summarizes the innovations introduced by the 1946 constitution. Concise and clearly informative, an excellent addition to *Home Study Books*.

* * *

Mr. Charles McKew Parr, who owns the largest collection of Magellaniana in the world, has written the biography of his hero in *So Noble a Captain* (Hale, 21s.). He has a businesslike, direct style and has written an able book.

* * *

Handbook of English Costume in the 17th Century (Faber, 36s.), by C. Willett and Phyllis Cunnington, has been delightfully illustrated by Barbara Philipson and by Mrs. Cunnington. Mrs. Hutchinson wrote, at the time, "When your posterity shall see our pictures they shall think we were foolishly proud of apparel." True, but how much more elegant than our own.

* * *

Theatre-lovers are strongly recommended to read *First Interval* (Odhams, 16s.). It is the autobiography of Donald Wolfit, whose experiences range from one-night stands with the Arts League Travelling Theatre to playing leading parts with the companies at Stratford and the Old Vic. Full of lively incident and new anecdotes.

* * *

The story of Tonga and of Queen Salote are told by Hector Macquarrie in *Friendly Queen* (Heinemann, 18s.). It is an unpretentious, readable, and rather inconsequential book.

Educational and Social Change in Tropical Areas

MARGARET READ. The theme of this book is the application of social anthropology to educational problems. In most tropical areas the whole process of government is one of educating and improving the condition of the people. This process often brings new ideas in conflict with traditional cultures. Professor Read argues that problems thus arise in which the educationist can profitably look to the anthropologist for guidance.

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J. C. POWELL-PRICE. This book should prove the most authoritative and up-to-date in its own field. With full documentation, it traces the development of India from the early civilisations in the Indus valley up to the present day—including in its scope religion, education, art, literature, architecture, and the condition of the people. 63 half-tone plates and 25 line maps.

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The Value Judgement

W. D. LAMONT. The author is primarily concerned with the question, 'What is the nature of the mental activity in which we attribute goodness or value to things?' In his attempt to construct a theory of valuation Dr. Lamont is forced to conclude that certain of the basic laws of economics will not bear logical analysis.

Edinburgh University Press 25s

NELSON

THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

For some years Mr. Hugh Young was in command of the C.I.D. at Scotland Yard. *My Forty Years at the Yard* (W. H. Allen, 16s.) describes, not very imaginatively, his working life.

* * *

Six Ventures in Villainy (Cassell, 15s.) gives Mr. Jack Smith-Hughes the chance to describe some criminals who were active in the reign of George III. The author presents his cases brilliantly. The best of them is probably *Dissolution of Partnership*, a neat attempt at a "perfect" crime.

* * *

The verses of Mr. W. S. Graham have been praised by responsible critics in the past. *The Night-Fishing* (Faber, 10s. 6d.) seems to me to suffer badly from a prevalent fault. The writer expects too much

from his medium, and there is some strained, tortuous stuff here. A pity, because Mr. Graham shows that he can write with power.

E. G.

Financial

MARKET REVIEW

By LOMBARDO

WHEN this market Review went to press last month, the Bank Rate had not been raised. A "Stop Press" note at the end of the Episodes made it clear that the news came too late for any alteration to be made in what had already been printed.

It was on February 24 that the news was flashed on the indicators in the Stock Exchange that the Rate was raised one point to 4½ per cent., to the astonishment of the men in the market who were expecting no more than a half per cent. rise. On that morning the *Financial Times* index stood at 184, but by the end of the day it had fallen to 177. The selling was heavy, much of it caused by panicking speculators, so that jobbers were forced to mark prices down very sharply in self-defence, with wide quotations in the popular stocks. By the following morning investors had had time to calculate that some of the prices provided bargains, and buying lifted the *Financial Times* index to 178.9.

So much for the immediate market reaction to the Chancellor's "tug on the reins" by the use of the traditional Bank Rate corrective, which was intensified by his further measure to restrict internal over-spending. This was the reimposition of restrictions on hire-purchase, to operate without delay, and instructions to the Banks to damp down credit for this form of trading, which had leapt forward since restraint was removed.

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The week-end following these important steps gave investors time to consider the situation quietly, and the result of their meditations seemed to be a refusal to take the 4½ per cent. rate seriously, and a conviction that, even if H.P. restrictions might remain for a long time, 4½ per cent. Bank Rate would not. For the two remaining days of that Stock Exchange Account (March 1 and 2) buying was brisk, with the result that by the close of business on the Tuesday, the *Financial Times* index was up to 185·7—above the level recorded on the morning the Chancellor cracked his two whips.

This optimism, based on the belief that the economic condition of the country is inherently sound and the long-term prospects good, was given a hard knock in the Account which ended on March 15. Heavy falls on Wall Street were recorded and were reflected in London prices. Added to this was the technical consideration that it was the last Account of the Financial Year. This meant that many institutions, private investors and professional operators were squaring their books for the year-end. On the Chancellor's instructions the Banks were not disposed to help. Jobbers were equally anxious to keep their books level. The cumulative result was persistent selling, with prices being marked sharply down. When the last day closed for dealing for Settlement before the new Financial Year opened, the *Financial Times* index had fallen to 176, a point lower than the close on the day the Bank Rate was increased.

The long-term investor sat tight on his good stocks, of course, throughout these fluctuations, and waited to see what yield basis would be considered acceptable on leading Equities with Bank Rate at 4½ per cent., in a year which, it is generally considered, would bring a General Election. If 5 per cent. to 5½ per cent. were thought to be the correct level, prices would be adjusted accordingly, and there would be a further fall. The uncertainty of an Election, the thought that the Bank Rate would be maintained for longer than anticipated, and possible repercussions of national and international

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politics, kept the large investors on the fence.

Parliamentary controversy over the H-bomb manufacture, and the Socialists' bitter quarrel over Mr. Bevan deepened the uncertainty. The announcement of agreements adding millions of pounds to wages confused the issue further because they added to the inflationary tendency, while on the other hand they lessened our capacity to compete in foreign markets. The issue of Firth and John Brown Steel shares provided an example of the influence of politics on the City. The price seemed right, but the doubt about the political risk of re-nationalization held back many potential applicants. On the morning of the last day for applications the announcement of the withdrawal of the Party Whip from Mr. Bevan caused a spate of applications from those who believed that re-nationalization was unlikely since the chief protagonist of the policy would not be in the Cabinet if the Socialists came to office. The offer was heavily over-subscribed.

As we go to press the market, though quiet, has been cheered by the Chancellor's statement to the effect that his medicine is working, and the evils of prosperity are disappearing from the "too fat" body politic. The position of sterling is evidently improving. The major uncertainty at home is the date of the election, and investors dislike political uncertainties.

The Budget date is known : the retirement of the Prime Minister and the succession of Sir Anthony Eden before an election is taken for granted, and the public split in the Labour Party has gravely weakened it as an alternative party to govern. The Press is already suggesting that Sir Winston will retire early in April, but no one knows when the new Prime Minister will ask for a dissolution. By the time these notes appear the market will be influenced by the imminence of a change of leadership and the prospect of an election, and investors will be making up their minds on the consequences likely to follow. My guess is that any market recession due to uncertainty will soon be

followed by a rise based on the belief that a Tory Chancellor will be in office for the next few years. The problem for all investors, however, will be to gauge the probable terms of trade and the extent to which the Chancellor can grant tax concessions to industry and the individual. The medicine may be working but the purification of the national economy may not have gone far enough to allow him great latitude. The institutional investors will probably remain on the fence until the Budget proposals are known.

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RECORD REVIEW

Orchestral

A NEW recording of Britten's *Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra* by Markevitch and the Philharmonia Orchestra gives us the commentary intended to be spoken by the conductor (and so spoken by Sir Malcolm Sargent in the film made for the piece, and on other occasions). In this version Peter Pears is the excellent and unobtrusive speaker; and for those who want instruction this is the disc. Both performance and recording are, however, better on the Van Beinum, Concertgebouw, disc (Decca LXT2886). As often happens, there is a first-class performance and recording on the reverse—it is of Saint-Saëns delightful *Carnival of the Animals*, with Geza Anda and Bela Siki as the brilliant soloists. The number called *Pianists* has never before been so humorously treated (Columbia 33CX1175).

A disc off the beaten track couples Dukas' dance-poem *La Péri* with Rachmaninov's symphonic poem *The Isle of the Dead*, both played by the Conservatory of Paris Orchestra under Ansermet, and very well performed and recorded (Decca LXT5003). *La Péri* has a "programme" founded on a Persian fable about a youth who seeks and finds, in the hands of the sleeping Peri, the flower of immortality. He falls in love with her and eventually

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gives back the flower he has stolen and dies. Rachmaninov's piece was inspired by Böcklin's picture *The Isle of the Dead*, which depicts a boat carrying a white coffin and a white shrouded figure. The peace and stillness of the picture are wonderfully suggested in the music: and this work is, in its way, a masterpiece of orchestral tone painting.

Two of Bartók's orchestral pieces which everyone can enjoy, the *Dance Suite* and the *Divertimento* (for string orchestra), are splendidly played by the R.I.A.S. Orchestra (Radio Orchestra of the American Zone of Berlin) under the Hungarian-born conductor Ferenc Fricsay, and are as well recorded (D.G.G. D.g.m. 18153). The music is based, in both cases, on melodies of folk-song-like character and the deeply expressive slow movement of the *Divertimento* is one of Bartók's finest inspirations.

Two excellent recordings by the Boyd Neel Orchestra, under their conductor, bring us Handel's Overtures to *Alcina*

and *Berenice* (the latter containing the noble *Minuet*) on Decca LW5147, and Warlock's *Capriol Suite* and his *Serenade for Frederick Delius* with the *Minuet* from Ireland's *Concertino Pastorale* on the reverse—these last three pieces are for string orchestra (Decca LW5149).

Furtwängler's performances of Schubert's "great" C Major Symphony and Haydn's G Major (No. 88) will remain as the finest tribute one could wish to his memory. The playing of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra is superlatively good, the recording flawless (D.G.G. D.g.m. 18015-6).

Another grand performance and recording is that of Pierre Fournier, Kubelik, and the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra in Dvorak's Cello Concerto (Decca LXT2999), even though the solo playing is not technically quite equal to that of Antonio Janigro in the Nixa version (W.L.P.5225).

Chamber Music

A beautiful performance of Franck's *Violin Sonata*, the best yet, by David Oistrakh and Vladimir Jampolsky with an equally good one of Szymanowski's early D Minor Sonata on the reverse. Excellent recording (Columbia 33CX1201).

Instrumental

Rosalyn Tureck (who is of Russian-Turkish descent) has recorded Bach's 48 *Preludes and Fugues* complete on Brunswick AXTL1036-41. Her Bach playing created an artistic sensation in London recently, and conquered even those most prejudiced against Bach on the piano. Miss Tureck makes one feel that this music is perfectly at home on that instrument, and her power of making the part writing perfectly clear, even in the most complex fugues, is miraculous. She seems to me, in nearly every instance, to have a perfect and loving understanding of the music: I heard the whole work straight through in an almost continuous state of wonder and enchantment. The recording of the piano is a little variable, but generally good.

Another outstanding issue, in its differ-

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Record Review

ent way, is Campoli's *Homage to Fritz Kreisler* (on his eightieth birthday) which contains six of the great violinist's original compositions, some of the classical "transcriptions" that turned out also to be his, and a number of other pieces by various composers in his repertoire.

No one but Campoli, with his exquisite tone, musical sensitivity, and his love for Kreisler, could have accomplished so formidable an assignment with such complete success. This is a most lovely record, and praise must also go to Eric Gritton for his admirable accompaniments (Decca LXT5012).

Song

Twenty-two of the women's songs chosen from the three *Italian Song-Books* by Hugo Wolf are sung by Irmgard Seefried, well accompanied by Erik Werba, with the highest artistry (D.G.G. D.g.m. 18192).

Also recommended. Songs by Debussy, Dupare, Fauré, etc., beautifully sung and played by Nan Merriman and Gerald Moore. Miss Merriman's French is impeccable (Columbia 33CX1213).

Opera

Above all, Toscanini's marvellous performance (from a broadcast) of Verdi's *Falstaff* with Valdengo, Guerrera, Nelli, Elmo, Stich-Randall, in the chief parts, the N.B.C. Symphony Orchestra and Robert Shaw Chorale (H.M.V. ALP 1229-31). Every facet of the beauty and wit of the glorious score is brought out with miraculous art. Here indeed is a tonic for the times.

Elizabeth Schwarzkopf is radiant in scenes from Strauss' *Arabella*, with a good supporting cast and lovely orchestral playing—the Philharmonia—under Lovro Von Mattiaci (Columbia 33CX1226); and Victoria de los Angeles gives us a beautifully sung *Butterfly* (if not a very impassioned one) with Stefano and Gobbi as Pinkerton and Sharpless, and the Rome Opera House Orchestra and Chorus under Gianandrea Gavazzeni (H.M.V. ALP 1215-7).

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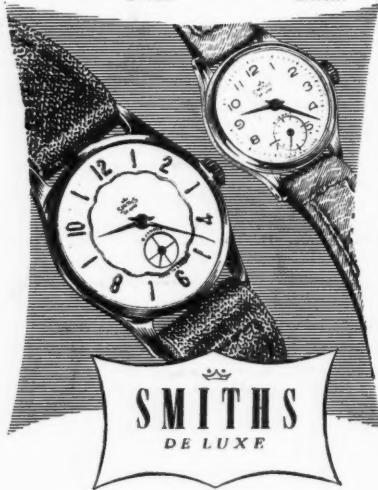
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